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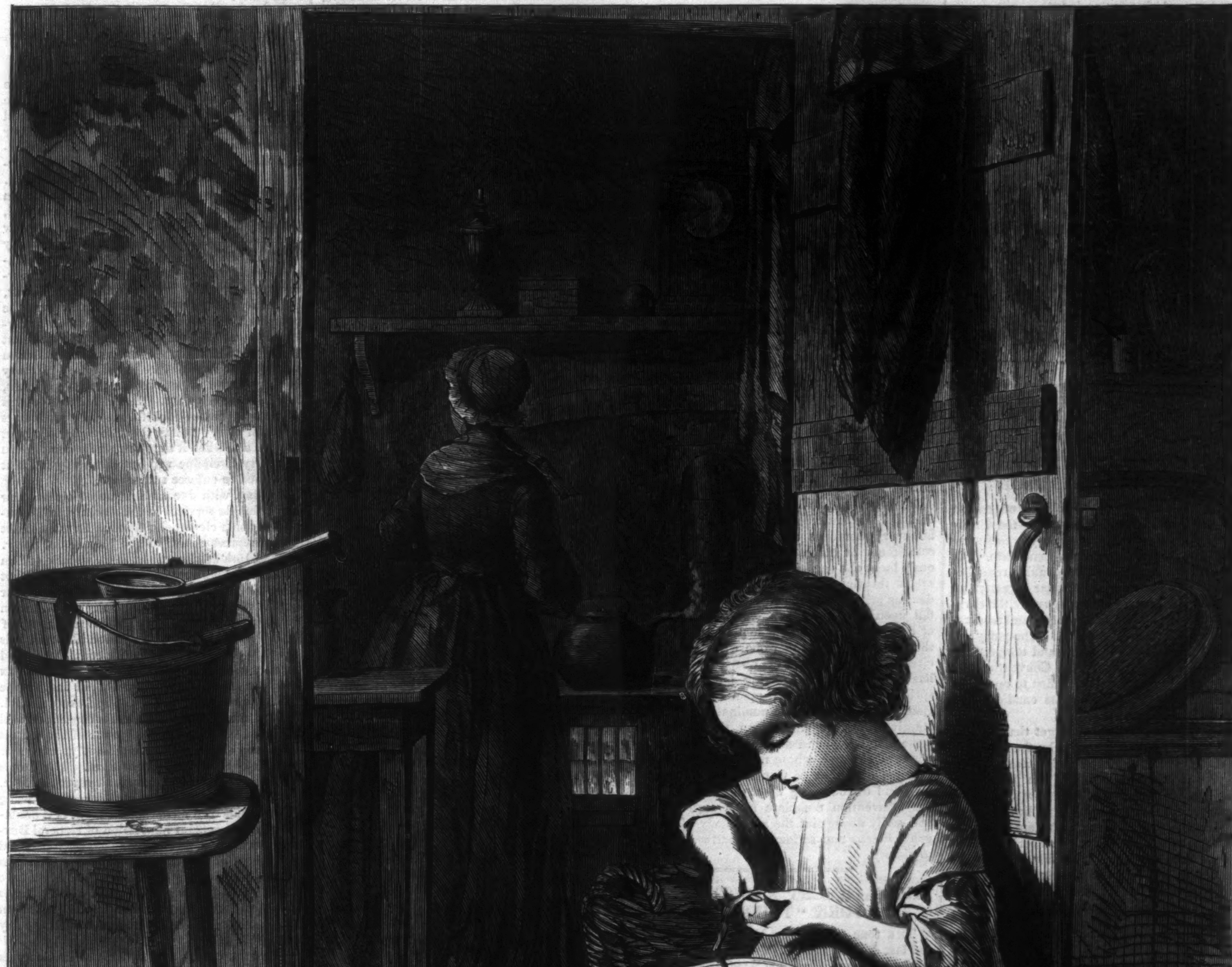

THE LITTLE WOMAN.—[See the Poem, Page 322.]

## LITTLE WOMAN.

[*See Illustration on preceding Page.*]

LITTLE WOMAN! Busy bee!
Pattern of home industry!
Not a moment can she spare
From her all-absorbing care,
Though the cat stands mewing there,
With arched back, and wondering why
It can't catch its mistress' eye;
For her heart's by duty steeled;
No! potatoes must be peeled
Though a thousand pussies squealed.
So she sits, sweetly sedate,
Grave as chancellor of state,
If she could be, stern as Fate.
Puss, she knows, wants but a glance
To be off in Dervish dance,
Tumbling, twirling round and round,
Then with sudden backward bound
For its tail, that's never found.
So she sits and peels away,
Though she longs to be at play.
Pussy, wait till work is done,
Then you'll have your fill of fun;
For our Little Woman, now,
With pursed lips and anxious brow,
Grave as bishop or as judge,
From her work will never budge
Till 'tis done. Then up, away!
She, the gayest of the gay,
Veriest madcap at her play.

Mother's helpmeet! Father's joy.
Elder brother's pride and toy!
To the rest—a baby brother
And two sisters—second mother!

Little Woman! Charming sprite!
Though not, like rich damsel, dight
In brocade or satin bright,
Or in tissues airy light,
Who coquettishly finesses
With her affluence of tresses,
Decked with gauzy daintinesses;
Still, adored with modest care,
And thy wealth of auburn hair,
With bewitching simple grace,
Framing in thy sweet Spring face,
Thou, in poverty's despite,
Spell-bound holdest each one's sight,
And thy maiden charms are such
We can never gaze too much.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

THE Chicago Convention will of course nominate General GRANT for the Presidency by acclamation; and a party is fortunate which at such a time has such a candidate. His character, his career, and his genuine republicanism are his platform. His clear sagacity and unsophisticated sense of justice assure the earnest Radical; his coolness, prudence, and moderation the cautious Conservative. The party extremes are felt to be balanced and tempered in him as in no other man. The Convention will find it an easy and a grateful office to nominate a President. Who shall be its candidate for Vice-President?

The Convention can not forget that the Republican party will be judged by the men who are nominated at Chicago; and it must remember that it is the tendency of the party—like every party in power—to forget how much character counts for in the contest. The advantage of presenting to the country with General GRANT a man of similar simplicity and sincerity of character is incalculable. The disadvantage of nominating any man whatever whose name does not every where and inevitably inspire confidence is infinitely greater than any supposed gain from propitiating cliques, or sections, or States. Who, then, shall be the candidate?

Experience will teach the Convention that no man whose political faith is not confirmed by his personal character ought to be nominated for Vice-President. The general theory that secured at Baltimore in 1864 the nomination of ANDREW JOHNSON should be spurned as it deserves. JOHNSON was nominated by the tendency that did not heartily trust the Republican principles. He was pressed because he had been a Democrat, because he had been a slaveholder, because he lived in a border State, and because, notwithstanding all these things, he had been true to the Union cause. But the real faith of the party he neither understood nor accepted, and those who urged his nomination knew it. He was the candidate of those who have little confidence in principles as controlling political action, and who afterward favored the Philadelphia Johnson Convention. But the Chicago Convention can not wisely forget that now, as in 1864, there is a great fundamental principle involved in our political situation. It was so also in 1860. It has been so ever since slavery was an element in our political debates. Recreancy to that principle is fatal. If JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS had been permitted to leave the Chicago Convention of 1860 by the reluctance of the Convention to declare for equal rights, the party would have been morally weakened in a perilous degree. The Convention did not hesitate. It raised that banner. Mr. SEWARD carried it over the line of the Slave States, and planted it at St. Josephs, in Missouri; and it was one of those events which our political history will always remember to his honor.

The Vice-President must, therefore, be a man of the soundest Republican convictions. That, however, is not to be determined by the noise of his asseverations, nor the extravagance of his expressions, nor of the methods he favors. Violent rhetoric is always easy. Mr. JOHNSON was very forward in declaring that treason must be made odious, and that traitors must take back seats. But the party at large measures men, not by their Congressional declamation, but by the tenor of their whole career. We are fools if we have not learned to value character and capacity more than rhetoric. Our candidate for the Vice-Presidency must be not merely a true Republican, universally known and respected as such, not only a man of spotless reputation, but a man of the general intelligence and training which are essential to the proper discharge of the duties of the office. If he has been out of office for a while so much the better; for he then really understands public sentiment, of which men in office are curiously ignorant.

Let us have a man of whom we are all justly proud in his degree as we are of GRANT; whose character illustrates the principles and aims of the party; and whom we would be willing to support for the Presidency. We want no bargains, no compromises; for they are not necessary. We do not wish to make a nomination to secure any particular State, for that kind of tactics uniformly fails. A proper candidate, from whatever State, will poll the whole vote of the party. We respectfully remind our friends at the Convention that upon such occasions party managers appear to represent the great public sentiment outside, but they do not. Eight years ago, in this very month of May, those who were accounted the shrewdest managers of the Republican party stood in the Richmond House at Chicago openly deploring the nomination of the "third-rate Illinois lawyer," ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and the defeat of Mr. SEWARD as the destruction of the party. They did not understand public feeling then—they do not now. Let any delegate look around and ask himself what the great multitude that elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN four years ago wish and expect, and he will see that they desire only a man whom they know and trust as they do General GRANT. Whoever comes nearest to that is the candidate whose nomination will secure such a response as the delegates will be glad to hear.

If, however, passing such a man by, some doubtful candidate be selected, some man who, however prominent and whatever his radical consistency or obstinacy of will, yet conspicuously lacks the sagacity and moderation which are, at this time, as essential in a possible President as principle and firmness—or if the choice fall upon some mere politician in a low sense, or upon some one who has made no mark upon the country; upon some one whose name excites no feeling beyond his own State, and who has even there no following but that which springs from patronage; upon some man of clouded reputation whose nomination would instantly throw the party upon the defensive; some man whose success must depend upon intrigue and money, whose name would painfully contrast with that of General GRANT and fall chill and discouraging upon the party—should the Convention nominate some such man, it will sadly disappoint the great body of intelligent citizens and seriously embarrass the path to victory.

## IMPEACHMENT AND THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

THE tone of the New York *Tribune* during the last days of the Impeachment trial was insulting to every honorable American. Apparently smitten with terror lest the honest verdict of the Senate should not agree with its own wishes it cracked the party whip in the most insolent and intolerable manner, denouncing in advance every Republican Senator who might vote in obedience to his convictions to acquit the President as "infamous," and "the same as ANDREW JOHNSON." It said:

> "The Republican party has taken the responsibility of Impeachment, and the Republican Senators have committed themselves to every point involved in the discussion. To presume that any Republican will deliberately vote to acquit Mr. JOHNSON is to assume that his course hitherto has been a fraud. The cant we hear about the 'responsibility of an oath' is absurd. Every Senator has acted, we trust, upon the responsibility of his oath, and to assume that there is any additional obligation in Impeachment is to reflect upon the sincerity of all previous action. There is no Republican who has not for years carefully followed and appreciated the President's course. He knows in what respects Mr. JOHNSON has erred, and how far his errors have injured the country. He has determined just how far the President has sinned. He has united in reproving his manifold sins. To vote in favor of Impeachment is merely to repeat votes that have been given a hundred times. If it were wise to assail Mr. JOHNSON for his policy, it is just to punish him. His Impeachment is the logical consequence of Republicanism, and no Republican can vote against it without making himself infamous. The only alternative is Impeachment or Infamy. If JOHNSON is acquitted, then the whole course of these men is a lie, and their deception is infamous. They led the party to this issue. They educated it to the work. They echoed every denunciation, and emphasized every criticism of the President's policy. If they have been honest in this, then Impeachment is as sure as the sun."

According to this extraordinary outburst, the whole trial has been a ridiculous farce, for the Senate had already accused, tried, and convicted the President. This precious logic declares that if it be wise for the Legislature in a free country to differ with the Executive and to argue against his policy, *therefore* it is just to punish him! If a President has not a majority in the Senate put him out. Every honorable and sensible Republican hangs his head to think that this folly appears in a leading journal of the party whose supremacy he considers essential to the national welfare.

The great service which the *Tribune* formerly rendered to the good cause will be always gratefully remembered. But since its principles have been in power, with all its experience and ability, its total want of ordinary judgment has constantly alienated from it the sympathy of very many of the most faithful and reflecting of the Republicans. During the whole Impeachment trial nothing could have been more damaging to the party and to the cause than the course of the *Tribune*. It has done all it could do to make it difficult even for Senators, who thought that the President ought to be removed, to vote for his removal. It has screamed at them as if they did not understand both what principle demanded, and what was true party policy. Soon after the trial began the *Tribune* announced in the most imposing manner that General GRANT thought it necessary for the peace of the country that the President should be removed; and it added, "*When the General of our armies entertains this conviction there is no room for doubt as to the duty of the Senate.*" There was never a more outrageous sentence published in this country. The Senate, according to the *Tribune*, is to register the will of the General. And lest that might not be enough, as the trial drew to an end, it insisted that Mr. EVARTS had dissolved his connection with the Republican party because he had defended the President—spoke of Senator GRIMES as "indignant and vindictive," because he insisted that order should be preserved in the galleries of the Senate, and described him as "cowering into his seat" when he was hissed for his very proper effort. It said that "Senator TRUMBULL, painfully conscious of a little brief authority," renewed the motion. These eminent Republicans were assailed with ribald insult because it was supposed that they would vote against the wishes of the *Tribune*. It very plainly insinuated that Republican Senators who should vote for the acquittal would have been bought with money, and would be worthy to rank with BENEDICT ARNOLD, and then endeavored to excuse itself by saying that such reports were "in the mouths of all men." The Brooklyn *Union*, a stanch Republican paper, well expressed the feeling of all good citizens in saying, "The absurdity of the *Tribune's* article of this morning is only equaled by its atrocity; and that is unparalleled in Northern political journalism, or in civilized journalism any where."

The Republican party is disgraced and humiliated by the conduct of the *Tribune* during the trial, as it was by the Alta Vela discussion, and the quarrel between Mr. DONNELLY and Mr. WASHBURNE in the House. This is unavoidable, although in the course to which we allude the *Tribune* no more represented the sentiment of the party than it did at the beginning of the secession movement when it said: "If the cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw from the Union, we think they should and would be allowed to do so;" or when it said: "If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Union of 1861;" or when it betrayed its malevolence toward Mr. LINCOLN's administration in its early days; or when it professed its willingness to renounce the national cause if LEE should cross the Susquehanna; or when it insisted that we should try one more battle and abide the result; or when its chief editor mingled in peace negotiations with rebels at Niagara; or when he wrote to President LINCOLN, in the dark hour of the war, imploring him in the name of a heart-broken, bankrupt, bleeding country, to pay four hundred millions of dollars to the slaveholders to buy peace; or when the editor whose journal now declares it infamous in a Senator to think that ANDREW JOHNSON is not proved guilty of specific charges hastened to Richmond to bail JEFFERSON DAVIS. Upon all these occasions the course of the *Tribune* or its editor, however sincere and patriotic and humane may have been the intention, did not, it seems to us, represent the conviction or the policy of the Republican party.

It evidently misrepresented the real sentiment of the party when it opposed the nomination of General GRANT, which it did at the time of the suspension of Mr. STANTON in a series of ungenerous insinuations, which have been silenced by the unanimous and enthusiastic selection of General GRANT as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. The *Tribune's* candidate in 1860 was EDWARD BATES, of Missouri. What the situation would now have been had Mr. BATES been nominated may be surmised. In 1864 it would willingly have seen Mr. LINCOLN set aside for another candidate. In 1866 it supported for Mayor of New York a person who wrote a letter to the *World*, when the House resolved to impeach, substantially proposing a vigilance committee and the inauguration of civil war. Such a person would have been a pleasing Mayor of the city at this time.

It seems to us that diffidence of its own judgment as to party policy becomes a journal with this party record; and when it declared, without mentioning names when names were perfectly well understood, that Senators FESSENDEN, TRUMBULL, SHERMAN, GRIMES, ANTHONY, and whatever other Republican Senators it supposed might vote against the President's conviction would be "infamous" if they did so, and must look thenceforth for a career outside of the Republican party, it assumed to speak for a party whose convictions and policy it has grossly misrepresented at most important epochs. The *Tribune* has the right to express its own opinions in such terms as it chooses. But a paper which justified secession has no right whatever to speak for the Republican party.

## GENERAL BUTLER AS A PARTY REPRESENTATIVE.

IT has been stated from Washington for some time, and with an air of probability, that, in the event of the removal of the President, General BUTLER would be called to high position, either as a member of the Cabinet, or—what seems incredible—as Minister to England. Now, a party will be judged by the men whom it honors. If the Republican party, whose continuance in power seems to us, as we have elsewhere said, essential to the national welfare, does not now commend its principles to universal approval by the kind of men whom it makes its representatives—if it compels honest and intelligent persons to say, "We are naturally Republicans, but really these gentlemen do not represent the party and its aims and principles as we understand them," the party will learn too late that the support of the intelligent and honest is also necessary to continuance in power. One party in this country must always represent progress, intelligence, morality. But it fails to do this when it advocates doubtful measures or honors doubtful men. It has, then, no right to expect loyalty, and when it thus betrays its commission the party discipline will ignominiously fail if it is applied to enforce submission.

To-day, with due admiration of his peculiar and valuable services in the war, and of his unquestionable cleverness, General BUTLER is not a true representative of the Republican party. On the 15th of December, 1866, we said of him in these columns: "General BUTLER does not seem to us to be the wisest national counselor at this time. He is emphatically a man for an active revolutionary epoch, the interregnum of law. In a reconstructive period like this, it is not only necessary that a public counselor should be very sagacious and patient, as Mr. LINCOLN was, but that his character should inspire the fullest public confidence, as Mr. LINCOLN's did. The moment self appears, the moment personal ambition is suspected, the power of the man is gone, and his counsel becomes merely a matter of curious observation and criticism. The people no longer recognize in him their representative, but they feel as if a clever manager were using them for his own advantage. Now, is it doubtful that the general impression of General BUTLER is that of a shrewd man bent upon personal success, who will ride any horse that promises to bring him in? As he is reported to have said of himself, a man who voted a dozen times for JEFF DAVIS for President in the Charleston Convention of 1860 is a man who will dare any thing."

Has the career of the General in Congress disproved this opinion? He went into the House and rather arrogantly assumed a leadership, which was very promptly refused to him. He addressed the country in favor of impeachment, but its good sense saw the folly of doing what General BUTLER advised upon General BUTLER's grounds. Apparently resolved, however, to trim his bark to every gale, and believing that if impeachment were not popular something else might be, the General wrote a letter upon the finances, applying a construction to the law authorizing a certain issue of Five-Twenties, which to the unsophisticated mind seemed little different from swindling. This should have been quite enough to forbid the party with which the General was acting from trusting or honoring him. If his views were insincere, their declaration was grossly demoralizing. If they were sincere, they were none the less fatal to the national honor.

The country will not dwell unkindly upon the mournful tragedy of Great Bethel when it recalls the prompt and heroic occupation of Baltimore. As it remembers the vigorous mastery of New Orleans it would willingly forget the disaster of Fort Fisher. But it can never forget without incalculable loss and sorrow and shame that qualities which are valuable in the field are often to be most feared when the war is over. Neither the political career and professional reputation of General BUTLER before the war, nor his views upon public policy and the national honor since the war closed, entitle him to be regarded as a proper representative of the dominant party. The Republican party ought not to call a repudiator into office. It is inexpedient to do it. General Butler may demand it, and party managers may think it necessary to yield to his demand. But they ought to understand the inevitable consequences. They should stand firm in the position that no personal claim can be allowed to imperil the party. Certainly if any man may be said to have had "claims" upon the party (which no man has), Mr. Seward in 1860 was that man. But the good-sense of the party did not hesitate to sacrifice the "claims" of an individual to the general advantage of the party and of the country. General Butler in 1868 can have no "claim" upon the party comparable to that of Mr. Seward in 1860. Let him be judged as Mr. Seward was judged. If the party could not "afford" to nominate Mr. Seward it can not "afford" to elevate General Butler.

If the voters of the Essex District in Massachusetts are satisfied with General Butler as their Representative; if they are in favor of paying honest debts in pieces of brown paper, they will elect a gentleman of their views. But the Republican party we believe to be of a different opinion; and should General Butler be imposed upon it as a National Representative, we trust that enough voices will be found to join our protest to show that he may represent the temporary party managers at Washington, but that a repudiator, however clever and conspicuous, is repudiated by the conscience and the political sagacity of the Republican party.

## CONGRESS AND THE FISHERIES.

In Congress, the other day, Representative Pike, of Maine, offered a resolution, which passed as amended, by a vote of 92 to 39, to the effect that the President be "requested to send a sufficient number of vessels of war to the fishing-grounds in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, adjacent to the British Provinces, for the purpose of protecting American vessels in the exercise of their rights, as indicated in existing treaties."

Doubtless nine-tenths of the 10,000 American fishermen who pursue their vocation in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and other Provincial waters, will be surprised to learn of any existing or prospective necessity for Government protection or interference in behalf of their "rights." We question, indeed, if they would be able to define the precise nature and extent of those rights. All those differences of opinion which had for so many years constituted a standing menace of trouble between Great Britain and the United States were buried by the benign operation of the Reciprocity Treaty. In the course of ten conciliatory years fishermen learned to forget their nationality, and Americans cast their lines in British waters without much restriction, wherever the chances of good fares seemed best assured; so that, after the treaty had terminated, there continued, through force of long habit, a mutual and tacit acquiescence in what had come to be regarded an equality of privileges. If fishermen only had been consulted, they would doubtless have preferred to fish fraternally together as before. Their interests did not clash. Both got as full fares and better prices than in previous years.

But, inasmuch as the abrogation of the treaty which secured these concessions to our fishermen deprived the Canadians of reciprocal advantages, and inasmuch, especially as we had taxed their fish, it became necessary for the Canadian Government to make at least a show of the rights they claimed by imposing a penalty upon Americans fishing in their waters. They did not exclude, or attempt to exclude, our vessels, as they might have done; but, with commendable moderation, required merely a license fee of $2 per vessel. The Canadians have ever hoped for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. They were reluctant to go back to the status that existed before that treaty was ratified, which would only have revived old difficulties in full force, and therefore adopted this license system as a sort of compromise or half-way measure of repeal. The sum required was nominal and insignificant. It would not buy even a barrel of salt. It would not distress our fishermen, even if pertinaciously exacted: which it has not been. Probably not one-half of our vessels have paid it. Either it has not been demanded of them, or it has been evaded. It is difficult to collect such a tax, except by the employment of revenue vessels constantly on the alert. After the lapse of two years, the Canadian Government, which possibly feels pinched by its expensive "New Dominion" experiment, has taken some such measure into consideration. It also proposes to increase the tax to $4. This would doubtless be paid by our fishermen without demur. It is but a cheap price for so valuable a privilege. No one certainly would resist its payment unless encouraged to believe that they would be sustained by our Government in so doing; and unless they resisted, no occasion could arise to require armed interference, or even the presence of an armed fleet. It is better to pay it, even though there be a conflict of claims and pretensions in respect to the fisheries. It is not always the best policy to insist too strongly upon what are regarded as "rights." At all events no complaints or protests against its imposition have been heard yet, not even from New England, which section alone is specially interested. And the whole tax, if collected, would amount to only a few thousand dollars.

Nevertheless, upon the strength of this proposed action of the Canadians, which may never be consummated, Mr. Pike at once becomes the self-constituted champion of men unconscious of any great grievances, and Congress adopts a resolution to equip a fleet at great expense, to threaten reprisal for acts of injustice that may never be committed. The direct tendency of the whole procedure is to provoke hostility. It unnecessarily prejudices the minds of our fishermen to fancy themselves aggrieved and imposed upon; and it alienates those who are kindly disposed, and whose friendship it is our interest to cultivate. The Provinces are gradually gravitating toward Republicanism and the United States, and at the present moment the feeling in favor of annexation is stronger than it ever was, especially in the Maritime Provinces. A large party throughout the "New Dominion" is exerting itself to secure the closest commercial, if not more intimate relations with the United States, and under the circumstances we can not fail to see the absurdity of any hostile policy or suspicious diplomacy. The road to an effectual settlement of the fisheries question is much easier through some treaty of reciprocity similar to the old one than by threatening displays of force. It is far more economical, more conducive to our prosperity, and more creditable to the national intelligence and good sense. The general tone of the press upon this subject indicates that the public hold this view.

After all, it is quite likely, as Representative Chanler intimates, that the resolution of Congress will chiefly serve in the interest of a few monopolists and certain purchasers of small iron-clads who wish to re-sell them to the Government at a profitable advance.

## VANDALS IN NEW YORK.

When the Barbarians conquered Rome they attacked the works of art. Passing the statues the victors with clubs knocked off sometimes a nose, sometimes a hand or an arm; but the universality of the condemnation visited on this conduct by the civilized world left it doubtful if any of the representatives of this vulgar meanness existed on the earth. The Vandals have, however, reappeared in New York. The portraits in the City Hall have been shockingly mutilated. The full-length portrait of Governor George Clinton has been ruined, and that of General Macomb and of General Hamilton seriously injured.

The Governor's room and the room adjoining constitute together a picture gallery interesting to citizens and strangers. It contains full-length portraits of all or nearly all of our State Governors, of many of our naval and military heroes of the war of 1812; of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Jay, as well as of Hamilton, and of other distinguished Revolutionary characters; portraits, many of them of the three-quarter size, of the Mayors of the city from a very early period—Stuyvesant being one; and among the works of sculpture a very good bust in marble of Henry Clay. Hubbard's copy of the statue of Washington is temporarily deposited in the gallery.

These works of art have a peculiar value as illustrations of the history of the city and State. The portrait of Decatur is prized for its excellence. It is a forcible, and, we learn, a faithful representation of that famous Captain. Perry is painted passing in his row-boat in the heat of battle from his flag-ship, which had been riddled, to the vessel in which he gained the victory on Lake Erie.

The key to the gallery was easily obtained, upon a late visit, from the Janitor, who did not accompany us or direct a messenger to do so. It was in this manner, doubtless, that the person who destroyed the portrait of Governor Clinton obtained admission; although, on one occasion, a friend who had visited the gallery immediately before found the door unlocked and open, and no other person present.

What motive could have led to the injury of these portraits it is difficult to conceive. Macomb, who was one of the early graduates of West Point and an officer in the war of 1812, has long since passed from the stage with none but friendly recollections of him. The rascal who mutilated his face may have discovered in his handsome features and manly, honest expression a sufficient reason for dislike. Clinton, also—stamped in his look as one of Nature's noblemen—must have excited the same kind of malicious feeling, for there could have been no other animosity to Clinton. Toward Hamilton there may have been some hereditary hostility on account of his doctrines, which are frequently contrasted with Jefferson's. But the cause, if it were any thing but malicious mischief, of dislike of his portrait must have been the consciousness that Hamilton was one of the master-spirits who moulded our system of government and served mankind. If the Goth who mutilated these pictures had had a hammer in his hands he would probably have smitten the bronze statue of Washington—a copy of one of the most precious works of art in the country.

These injuries have been committed at different times, and it is very certain that the gallery is not cared for by the custodian of the pictures, and that the neglect of them after one attack, whereby they became exposed to another, subjects the person in charge to prosecution under the statute of the State, which punishes as a misdemeanor the "willful neglect" of any duty imposed by law on public servants. The Grand Jury should take cognizance of the matter, if there is any intention of preserving the other pictures. For many years Mr. Martling was keeper of the City Hall, and had charge of the Governor's room. Subsequently the care of it was devolved on Mr. Taylor. These officers performed their duty with great fidelity, and delivered the key only to persons very well known to them. No person could then have gained access to the room capable of doing such injury. But the fact that one such act did not secure the care which prevents repetition, and that no efforts have been made to discover the offender and bring him to justice, and none even to punish the negligence, assure us that this branch of the public service partakes of the general character of that of our municipal government in which the action of the machinery has been so reversed as to be used wholly to the injury of the people.

## "DEMOCRACY" KNOWN BY ITS WORKS.

We are sincerely glad that the Democratic party succeeded in electing a majority of the New York Assembly of this year, because the people of this State have now had a fair opportunity of beholding the kind of millennium which Democratic ascendency in the country would secure, and may now contemplate the retrenchment and reform which might be expected from the party that so vigorously demands them. But the perpetual spectacle of Democratic economy, public spirit, regard for public honor, and administrative efficiency is afforded by the city of New York in those departments of the government of which the Democracy have exclusive control. Fortunately the police of the city is in the hands of the State. For if the constituency that elects the Common Council were also to elect the constables, the city would become a by-word. The Metropolitan Police grew out of the bitter experience of the consequences of electing a person like Fernando Wood mayor of the city, and lodging the substantial power over the police in his hands. Petitions went up from meetings irrespective of party, and the Metropolitan Police was established.

The great hope of the Democratic party is to control the State by the majority in the city. The composition of that majority is known. It is certainly not an untruth to say that the political sympathies of what are known as the ignorant and dangerous classes in the city are with the Democratic party. The ascendency of that party does not mean the control of intelligence in politics. It means that the most intelligent, the most truly conservative class of the population is in the minority. The ascendency of the Democratic party in the State means the control of the government by certain well-known "ring-masters," who, by reason of the majority of their party in the Assembly, have this winter shown their hands. The taxes which these gentlemen proposed to levy upon the State to support Roman Catholic schools in the city, in addition to the taxes that support schools for all the children of the State of every denomination, were very much modified by the decided protest of public opinion. But the intention was evident, and it will be effected whenever the ring-masters think themselves strong enough to try again.

These gentlemen have illustrated their principles and practice of public economy and financial reform by the Tax Levy for the city and county of New York. The Citizens' Association, which has experts constantly engaged in investigating and exposing these vast swindles, thus sums up the points of this Democratic measure:

> "Salaries of local officials are increased, some doubled and some more than doubled; new offices with large pay are created; every item of customary expenditure has been enlarged nearly one hundred per cent.; not only are the sums openly designated and fixed at a monstrous figure, but provisions are inserted giving the Controller power to issue bonds and run the city and county into debt to a limitless amount at his own will and pleasure, and also giving the Supervisors power to expend two millions of dollars more upon the new County Court-house. All the acts of the city and county officials during the past year, which were done in violation of law, which have been vetoed by the mayor or arrested by the courts, are, by the provisions inserted in these tax levies, to be legalized to the fullest extent. Such is the scheme which passed the Assembly of the State, and which has been sent to the Senate for concurrence. If the taxes are allowed to increase in the next fifteen years as they have increased in the past fifteen, then in that time they will be ninety millions of dollars per annum."

The party whose managers are responsible for this enormous tax levy is the same party whose orators are loudly declaiming against intolerable taxation. The men who fatten upon this blood of the people complacently represent themselves as peculiarly the people's friends. The party which controls the city of New York, and which has controlled the Assembly this winter, is the party of which vice and ignorance are every where the allies. Is this the party to which honest men wish to intrust the State government? Is this party, increased by the most disaffected part of the population of the late rebel States, the party to which men sincerely desirous of national prosperity and peace wish to intrust the national government?

## THE ENGLISH SITUATION.

The British Ministry is a Committee of the House of Commons representing the will of the majority, and that majority is the Government. It can be seriously perplexed only by the interference of the Crown. This has not really happened since the time of George III. until now, when the Queen has requested a Ministry defeated by a heavy majority of the Commons not to resign.

Her reason may be that this is a new Parliament, and the Reform Bill passed last year admits new constituencies whose voices she may think have a right to be heard before Parliament is dissolved. But when Mr. Disraeli announced that the Queen had asked him to remain, Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright did not hesitate to say that the course was flagrantly unconstitutional. Mr. Disraeli rather tauntingly replied by asking why Mr. Gladstone did not move a resolution of want of confidence. Mr. Gladstone made no answer. But if, after an emphatic majority for all the resolutions offered by him, he should still find that Mr. Disraeli did not intend to withdraw, Mr. Gladstone would unquestionably bring in a motion of want of confidence.

Should Mr. Disraeli, instigated by the Queen, still persist, the Commons would stop the supplies. We do not believe that even Disraeli would venture to face the storm that would then burst, and which would hardly stop before it had swept away the Crown. It is to be presumed, therefore, that Mr. Disraeli will be succeeded by Mr. Gladstone within a few weeks.

## "THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL."

A story called "The Household Angel," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, begins in Number 31 of *Harper's Bazar*. Mr. Ludlow's nimble fancy and quick, shrewd eye, which have given us some of the most exquisite little tales we have, will have ample scope in his new work, the opening of which is very striking. The first words will be sure to fascinate the reader, and Mr. Ludlow is not a magician who allows his spell to lose its power. "The Household Angel" will be charmingly and copiously illustrated.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### IMPEACHMENT.

The arguments in the trial of the impeachment of President Johnson were concluded on May 7. The peroration of Mr. Bingham's speech was greeted by tumultuous applause from the galleries, and Chief Justice Chase ordered them to be cleared. The final vote, which was to have been taken on May 12, was postponed on account of Senator Howard's illness until the 16th inst.

### CONGRESS.

The House on May 7 voted to request the President to send vessels to the Gulf of St. Lawrence to protect American fishing interests.

The bill for the admission of Arkansas to the Union was passed by the House on May 8 by a vote of 110 to 32.

Bills admitting North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama were reported in the House on May 11.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The New York delegates to the Republican Convention have decided to vote for Governor Fenton for Vice-President.

A cyclone, half a mile in width, passed over portions of Davidson and Williamson counties, Tennessee, on May 6, sweeping away houses, trees, and fences for a distance of some ten miles.

The Cole trial ended by the disagreement of the jury, who were discharged, six being for acquittal and six for murder in the first degree.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Tunisians have been guilty of certain indignities to French residents, and France has suddenly broken off all diplomatic relations with their Government.

Minister Van Valkenberg has demanded indemnity of Japan for the losses sustained by United States citizens during the late civil war.

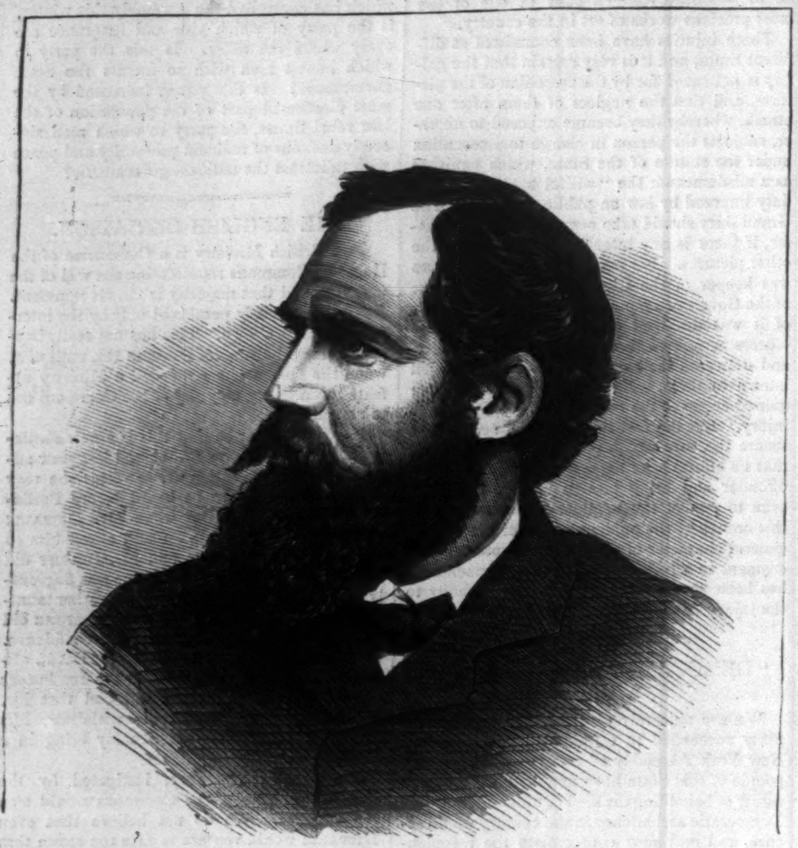
General Batta is elected President of Peru.

An eruption of the volcano of Manua Loa, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, began on March 27, accompanied by violent earthquakes. During the twelve days which followed two thousand shocks of earthquakes were felt. These earthquakes were followed by heavy "tidal" waves which flooded the villages. The lava broke from the volcano at the crater of Kilanea which is 4000 feet above the sea. It ran down the slope of the mountain in a broad stream, several feet deep. "The slope and part of the summit of another mountain 1500 feet high were lifted up bodily by the earthquake and thrown over the tops of trees for a distance of over 1000 feet." The "tidal" waves were so high that they swept over the tops of cocoa-nut-trees, which on that coast grow to the height of from 60 to 100 feet. The column of smoke which was thrown out of Manua Loa (the reports say to the altitude of over seven miles), obscured every thing for miles around. During the most terrible earthquake, April 2, no living creature on the island could stand on their feet. The lives lost number eighty persons, all natives.

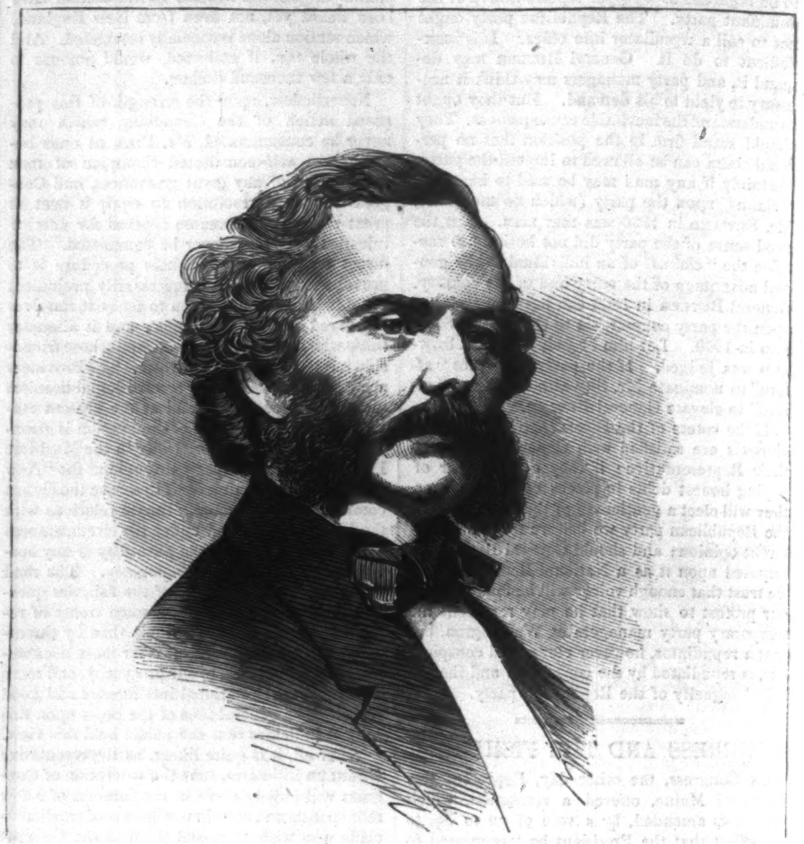
Ex-Chancellor of England, Henry Brougham, Baron Brougham and Vaux, famous as the counsel of Queen Caroline, in the divorce suit with George IV., died at Cannes, France, on May 9.

Admiral Farragut has sent the steamer *Shenandoah*, under command of Commander James C. Febiger, late of the *Ashuelot*, to the Island of Corea to inquire into and perhaps avenge the fate of the seamen of the American bark *General Sherman*. Some of them are said to be alive and held in slavery by the natives.

An anti-Popery riot occurred in Ashton Under-Lyne, England, during which houses were sacked, people outraged, and several shot.



J. Q. A. WARD, N.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]



R. W. HUBBARD, N.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## AMERICAN ARTISTS.

WE resume in this Number of the *Weekly* the series of sketches and portraits of American artists which was begun in a former volume.

J. Q. A. **WARD**, the sculptor, whose portrait will be found on this page, is a native of Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, and is now about thirty-six years of age. Until his eighteenth year he was a farmer's boy; but in 1850, while on a visit to the studio of H. K. **BROWN**, he was inspired with the desire to become a sculptor. He had already given some few indications of a talent for art, and he found no difficulty in obtaining the entry of Mr. **BROWN**'s studio. Here he remained six years, engaged in drawing, modeling in clay, wax, and plaster, working in marble and bronze, and sometimes working on Mr. **BROWN**'s models. For the last ten years he has been constantly engaged in various kinds of art work. He spent two years in Washington, modeling busts of prominent men; and was for a long while very profitably employed in designing for the Ames Arms Company of Massachusetts.

His chief works have been his statuette "The Freedman," "The Indian Hunter," the Commodore Perry statue, and "The Good Samaritan." He obtained the commission for the statue of **SHAKSPEARE** for the Central Park monument, and is soon to begin work on it. An art critic, speaking of Mr. **WARD**'s various achievements, says: "Although Mr. **WARD** has never practiced modeling in an academy or foreign and famed studio, he has labored with rare assiduity to master the principles of his art; he understands proportion and anatomical life. His little models of Indian heads in red wax, taken from life in Dakota Territory, are among the most authentic aboriginal physiognomical types extant in plastic art, so carefully in detail are they executed."

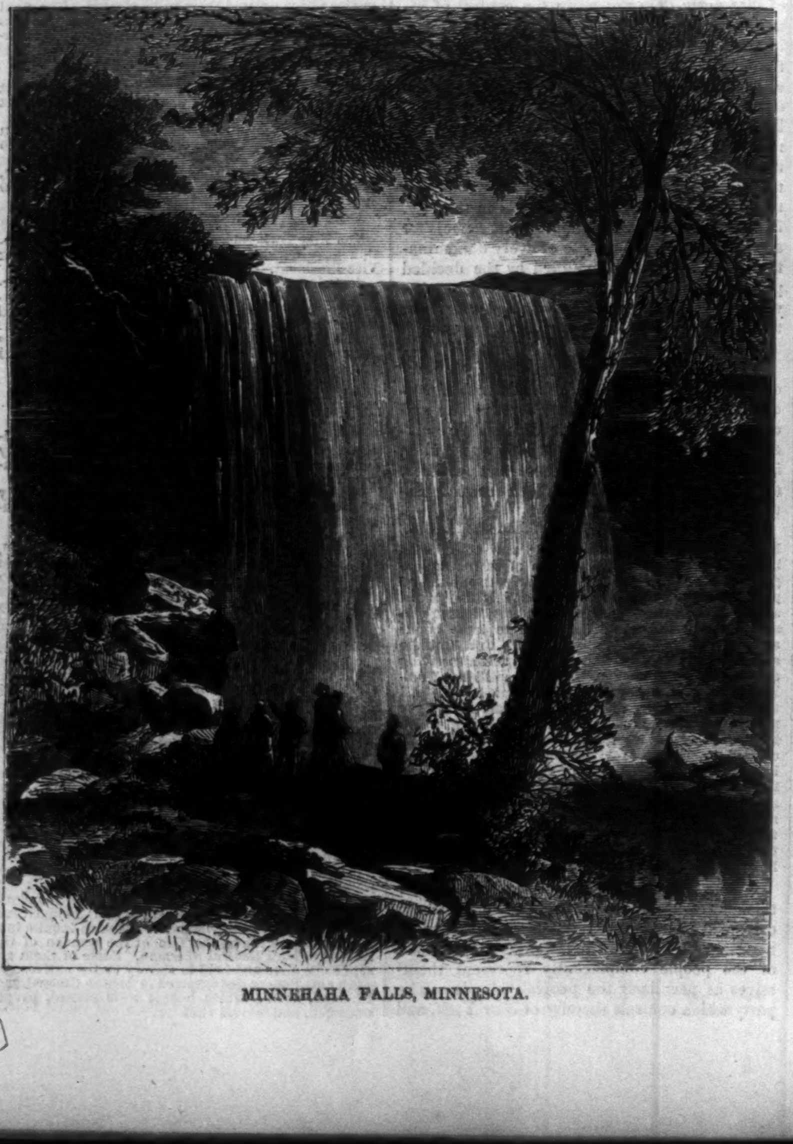
R. W. **HUBBARD** is a native of Middletown, Connecticut. He is recognized as one of the most careful and successful landscape artists of the country. **TUCKERMAN**, in his "Book of the Artists," says: "The repose of **HUBBARD**'s landscapes and those of kindred spirit, appeal mainly to the contemplative and patient, we had almost said pensive, observer. Their tone is usually subdued, their beauty, poetic; occasionally the effects are exquisite: they may lack boldness and vigor, but rarely meaning and grace, and as a class, they have a distinct and auspicious place and influence, and are related to the gentler, more thoughtful, and dreamy impressions we derive from nature. **HUBBARD** works slowly; he loves to elaborate his subject by degrees, and sometimes lessens the first success by repeated emendations or modifications. It has been said of him that he paints few pictures, but never paints badly."

## MINNEHAHA FALLS.

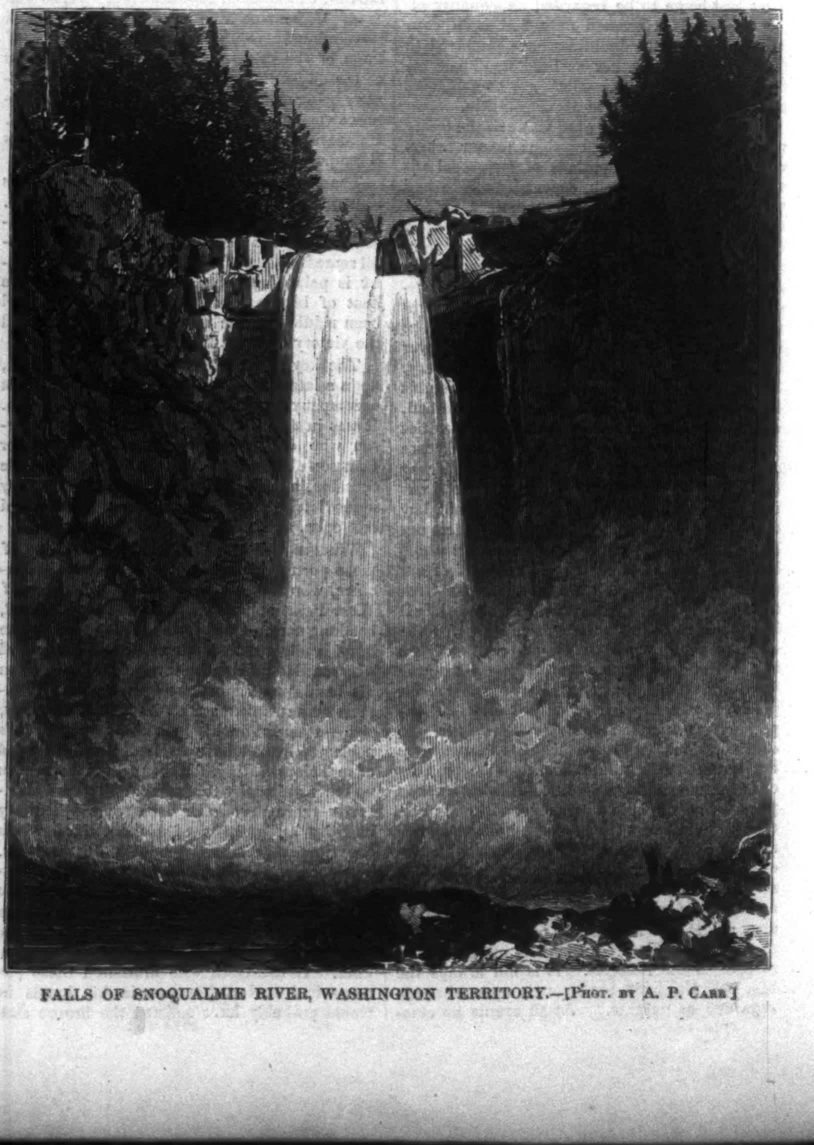
**MINNEHAHA** Falls, so famous in the song of **LONGFELLOW**, are located in Minnesota, where they are known to the practical settlers by the less euphonious name of "Brown's Falls." It has been said that the Indian name signifies "Laughing Water;" but this has been as positively denied, and so the beautiful falls have been robbed of name and significance. They are the outlet of several small lakes near Fort Snelling, and are about fifty feet in height.

## FALLS OF SNOQUALMIE RIVER.

THE Snoqualmie River is a small stream in King County, Washington Territory, and empties into Puget Sound. The falls, which we illustrate, are near its source in the Cascade Mountains, and are 270 feet in height. The bank is fifty feet above the falls, and the chasm into which we look down is therefore 320 feet in depth. This chasm is semicircular in shape. There is a constant cloud of mist about the falls, and magnificent rainbows are to be seen on every bright day.



MINNEHAHA FALLS, MINNESOTA.



FALLS OF SNOQUALMIE RIVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—[PHOT. BY A. P. CARR.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

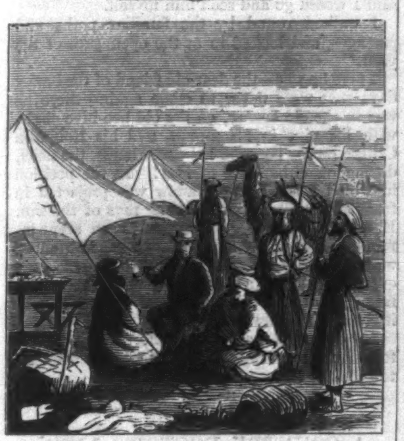
# THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

**Printed from the Author's Manuscript.**

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



## CHAPTER III.

THE prominent personage among the guests at the dinner party I found to be Mr. Murthwaite.

On his appearance in England, some months since, society had been greatly interested in the traveler, as a man who had passed through many dangerous adventures, and who had escaped to tell the tale. He had now announced his intention of returning to the scene of his exploits, and of penetrating into regions left still unexplored. This magnificent indifference to presuming on his luck, and to placing his safety in peril for the second time, revived the flagging interest of the worshipers in the hero. The law of chances was clearly against his escaping on this occasion. It is not every day that we can meet an eminent person at dinner, and feel that there is a reasonable prospect of the news of his murder being the news that we hear of him next.

When the gentlemen were left by themselves in the dining-room, I found myself sitting next to Mr. Murthwaite. The guests present being all English, it is needless to say that, as soon as the wholesome check exercised by the presence of the ladies was removed, the conversation turned on politics as a necessary result.

In respect to this all-absorbing national topic, I happen to be one of the most un-English Englishmen living. As a general rule, political talk appears to me to be of all talk the most dreary and the most profitless. Glancing at Mr. Murthwaite, when the bottles had made their first round of the table, I found that he was apparently of my way of thinking. He was doing it very dextrously—with all possible consideration for the feelings of the host—but it is not the less certain that he was composing himself for a nap. It struck me as an experiment worth attempting, to try whether a judicious allusion to the subject of the Moonstone would keep him awake, and, if it did, to see what *he* thought of the last new complication in the Indian conspiracy, as revealed in the prosaic precincts of my office.

"If I am not mistaken, Mr. Murthwaite," I began, "you were acquainted with the late Lady Verinder, and you took some interest in the strange succession of events which ended in the loss of the Moonstone?"

The eminent traveler did me the honor of waking up in an instant, and asking me who I was.

I informed him of my professional connection with the Herncastle family, not forgetting the curious position which I had occupied toward the Colonel and his Diamond in the by-gone time.

Mr. Murthwaite shifted round in his chair, so as to put the rest of the company behind him (Conservatives and Liberals alike), and concentrated his whole attention on plain Mr. Bruff, of Gray's Inn Square.

"Have you heard any thing lately of the Indians?" he asked.

"I have every reason to believe," I answered, "that one of them had an interview with me, in my office, yesterday."

Mr. Murthwaite was not an easy man to astonish; but that last answer of mine completely staggered him. I described what had happened to Mr. Luker, and what had happened to myself, exactly as I have described it here. "It is clear that the Indian's parting inquiry had an object," I added. "Why should he be so anxious to know the time at which a borrower of money is usually privileged to pay the money back?"

"Is it possible that you don't see his motive, Mr. Bruff?"

"I am ashamed of my stupidity, Mr. Murthwaite—but I certainly don't see it."

The great traveler became quite interested in sounding the immense vacuity of my dullness to its lowest depths.

"Let me ask you one question," he said. "In what position does the conspiracy to seize the Moonstone now stand?"

"I can't say," I answered. "The Indian plot is a mystery to me."

"The Indian plot, Mr. Bruff, can only be a mystery to you, because you have never seriously examined it. Shall we run it over together, from the time when you drew Colonel Herncastle's Will, to the time when the Indian called at your office? In your position, it may be of very serious importance to the interests of Miss Verinder that you should be able to take a clear view of this matter in case of need. Tell me, bearing that in mind, whether you will penetrate the Indian's motive for yourself? or whether you wish me to save you the trouble of making any inquiry into it?"

It is needless to say that I thoroughly appreciated the practical purpose which I now saw that he had in view, and that the first of the two alternatives was the alternative I chose.

"Very good," said Mr. Murthwaite. "We will take the question of the ages of the three Indians first. I can testify that they all look much about the same age—and you can decide for yourself, whether the man whom you saw was, or was not, in the prime of life. Not forty, you think? My idea too. We will say not forty. Now look back at the time when Colonel Herncastle came to England, and when you were concerned in the plan he adopted to preserve his life. I don't want you to count the years. I will only say, it is clear that these present Indians, at their age, must be the successors of three other Indians (high caste Brahmins all of them, Mr. Bruff, when they left their native country!) who followed the Colonel to these shores. Very well. These present men of ours have succeeded to the men who were here before them. If they had only done that, the matter would not have been worth inquiring into. But they have done more. They have succeeded to the organization which their predecessors established in this country. Don't start! The organization is a very trumpery affair, according to our ideas, I have no doubt. I should reckon it up as including the command of money; the services, when needed, of that shady sort of Englishman, who lives in the by-ways of foreign life in London; and, lastly, the secret sympathy of such few men of their own country and (formerly, at least) of their own religion, as happen to be employed in ministering to some of the multitudinous wants of this great city. Nothing very formidable, as you see! But worth notice at starting, because we *may* find occasion to refer to the modest little Indian organization as we go on. Having now cleared the ground, I am going to ask you a question; and I expect your experience to answer it. What was the event which gave the Indians their first chance of seizing the Diamond?"

I understood the allusion to my experience.

"The first chance they got," I replied, "was clearly offered to them by Colonel Herncastle's death. They would be aware of his death, I suppose, as a matter of course?"

"As a matter of course. And his death, as you say, gave them their first chance. Up to that time the Moonstone was safe in the strong room of the bank. You drew the Colonel's Will leaving his jewel to his niece; and the Will was proved in the usual way. As a lawyer, you can be at no loss to know what course the Indians would take (under English advice) after *that*."

"They would provide themselves with a copy of the Will from Doctors' Commons," I said.

"Exactly. One or other of those shady Englishmen to whom I have alluded, would get them the copy you have described. That copy would inform them that the Moonstone was bequeathed to the daughter of Lady Verinder, and that Mr. Blake the elder, or some person appointed by him, was to place it in her hands. You will agree with me that the necessary information about persons in the position of Lady Verinder and Mr. Blake would be perfectly easy information to obtain. The one difficulty for the Indians would be to decide, whether they should make their attempt on the Diamond when it was in course of removal from the keeping of the bank, or whether they should wait until it was taken down to Yorkshire to Lady Verinder's house. The second way would be manifestly the safest way—and there you have the explanation of the appearance of the Indians at Frizinghall, disguised as jugglers, and waiting their time. In London, it is needless to say, they had their organization at their disposal to keep them informed of events. Two men would do it. One to follow any body who went from Mr. Blake's house to the bank. And one to treat the lower men-servants with beer, and to hear the news of the house. These commonplace precautions would readily inform them that Mr. Franklin Blake had been to the bank, and that Mr. Franklin Blake was the only person in the house who was going to visit Lady Verinder. What actually followed upon that discovery, you remember, no doubt, quite as correctly as I do."

I remembered that Franklin Blake had detected one of the spies, in the street—that he had, in consequence, advanced the time of his arrival in Yorkshire by some hours—and that (thanks to old Betteredge's excellent advice) he had lodged the Diamond in the bank at Frizinghall before the Indians were so much as prepared to see him in the neighborhood. All perfectly clear so far. But, the Indians being ignorant of the precaution thus taken, how was it that they had made no attempt on Lady Verinder's house (in which they must have supposed the Diamond to be) through the whole of the interval that elapsed before Rachel's birthday?

In putting this difficulty to Mr. Murthwaite, I thought it right to add that I had heard of the little boy, and the drop of ink, and the rest of it, and that any explanation based on the theory of clairvoyance was an explanation which would carry no conviction whatever with it, to *my* mind.

"Nor to mine either," said Mr. Murthwaite. "The clairvoyance in this case is simply a development of the romantic side of the Indian character. It would be a refreshment and an encouragement to those men—quite inconceivable, I grant you, to the English mind—to surround their wearisome and perilous errand in this country with a certain halo of the marvelous and the supernatural. Their boy is unquestionably a sensitive subject to the mesmeric influence—and, under that influence, he has no doubt reflected what was already in the mind of the person mesmerizing him. I have tested the theory of clairvoyance—and I have never found the manifestations get beyond that point. The Indians don't investigate the matter in this way; the Indians look upon their boy as a Seer of things invisible to their eyes—and, I repeat, in that marvel, they find the source of a new interest in the purpose that unites them. I only notice this as offering a curious view of human character, which must be quite new to you. We have nothing whatever to do with clairvoyance, or with mesmerism, or with any thing else that is hard of belief to a practical man, in the inquiry that we are now pursuing. My object in following the Indian plot, step by step, is to trace results back, by rational means, to natural causes. Have I succeeded to your satisfaction, so far?"

"Not a doubt of it, Mr. Murthwaite! I am waiting, however, with some anxiety, to hear the rational explanation of the difficulty which I have just had the honor of submitting to you."

Mr. Murthwaite smiled. "It's the easiest difficulty to deal with of all," he said. "Permit me to begin by admitting your statement of the case as a perfectly correct one. The Indians were undoubtedly not aware of what Mr. Franklin Blake had done with the Diamond—for we find them making their first mistake, on the first night of Mr. Blake's arrival at his aunt's house."

"Their first mistake?" I repeated.

"Certainly! The mistake of allowing themselves to be surprised, lurking about the terrace at night, by Gabriel Betteredge. However, they had the merit of seeing for themselves that they had taken a false step—for, as you say, again, with plenty of time at their disposal, they never came near the house for weeks afterward."

"Why, Mr. Murthwaite? That's what I want to know! Why?"

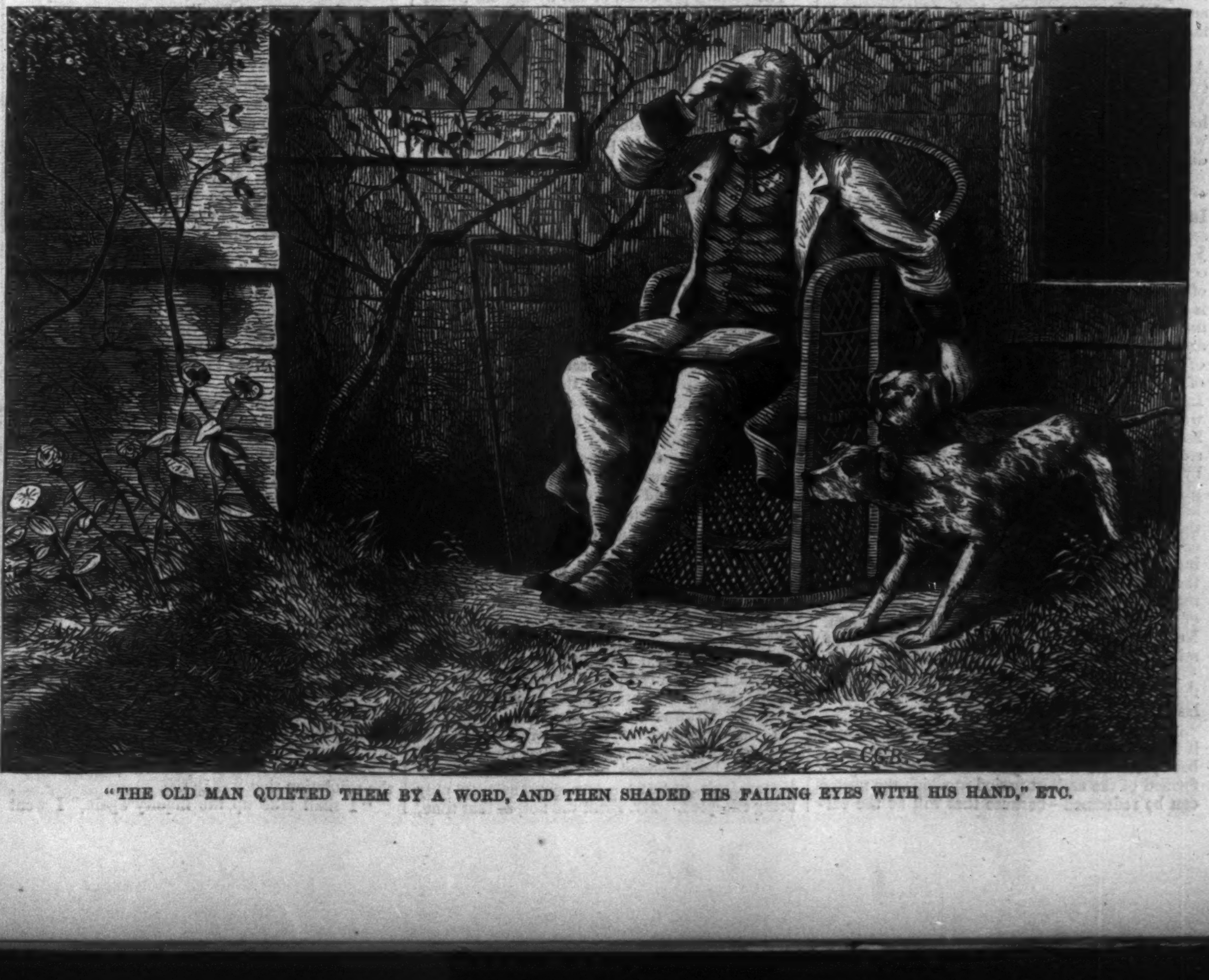
"Because no Indian, Mr. Bruff, ever runs an unnecessary risk. The clause you drew in Colonel Herncastle's Will, informed them (didn't it?) that the Moonstone was to pass absolutely into Miss Verinder's possession on her birthday. Very well. Tell me which was the safest course for men in their position? To make their attempt on the Diamond while it was under the control of Mr. Franklin Blake, who had shown already that he could suspect and outwit them? Or to wait till the Diamond was at the disposal of a young girl, who would innocently delight in wearing the magnificent jewel at every possible opportunity? Perhaps you want a proof that my theory is correct? Take the conduct of the Indians themselves as the proof. They appeared at the house, after waiting all those weeks, on Miss Verinder's birthday; and they were rewarded for the patient accuracy of their calculations by seeing the Moonstone in the bosom of her dress! When I heard the story of the Colonel and the Diamond, later in the evening, I felt so sure about the risk Mr. Franklin Blake had run (they would have certainly attacked him, if he had not happened to ride back to Lady Verinder's in the company of other people); and I was so strongly convinced of the worse risks still in store for Miss Verinder, that I recommended following the Colonel's plan, and destroying the identity of the gem by having it cut into separate stones. How its extraordinary disappearance, that night, made my advice useless, and utterly defeated the Hindoo plot—and how all further action on the part of the Indians was paralyzed the next day by their confinement in prison as rogues and vagabonds—you know as well as I do. The first act in the conspiracy closes there. Before we go on to the second, may I ask whether I have met your difficulty, with an explanation which is satisfactory to the mind of a practical man?"

It was impossible to deny that he had met my difficulty fairly; thanks to his superior knowledge of the Indian character—and thanks to his not having hundreds of other Wills to think of since Colonel Herncastle's time!

"So far, so good," resumed Mr. Murthwaite. "The first chance the Indians had of seizing the Diamond was a chance lost, on the day when they were committed to the prison at Frizinghall. When did the second chance offer itself? The second chance offered itself—as I am in a condition to prove—while they were still in confinement."

He took out his pocket-book, and opened it at a particular leaf, before he went on.

"I was staying," he resumed, "with some friends at Frizinghall, at the time. A day or two before the Indians were set free (on a Monday, I think), the governor of the prison came to me with a letter. It had been left for the Indians by one Mrs. Macann, of whom they had hired the lodging in which they lived; and it had been delivered at Mrs. Macann's door, in ordinary course of post, on the previous morning. The prison authorities had noticed that the post-mark was 'Lambeth,' and that the address on the outside, though expressed in correct English, was, in form, oddly at variance with the customary method of directing a letter. On opening it, they had found the contents to be written in a foreign language, which they rightly guessed at as Hindustani. Their object in coming to me was, of course, to have the letter translated to them. I took a copy in my pocket-book



"THE OLD MAN QUIETED THEM BY A WORD, AND THEN SHADED HIS FAILING EYES WITH HIS HAND," ETC.

of the original, and of my translation—and there they are at your service."

He handed me the open pocket-book. The address on the letter was the first thing copied. It was all written in one paragraph, without any attempt at punctuation, thus: "To the three Indian men living with the lady called Macann at Frizinghall in Yorkshire." The Hindoo characters followed; and the English translation appeared at the end, expressed in these mysterious words:

"In the name of the Regent of the Night, whose seat is on the Antelope, whose arms embrace the four corners of the earth.

"Brothers, turn your faces to the south, and come to me in the street of many noises, which leads down to the muddy river.

"The reason is this.

"My own eyes have seen it."

There the letter ended, without either date or signature. I handed it back to Mr. Murthwaite, and owned that this curious specimen of Hindoo correspondence rather puzzled me.

"I can explain the first sentence to you," he said; "and the conduct of the Indians themselves will explain the rest. The god of the moon is represented, in the Hindoo mythology, as a four-armed deity, seated on an antelope; and one of his titles is the regent of the night. Here, then, to begin with, is something which looks suspiciously like an indirect reference to the Moonstone. Now, let us see what the Indians did, after the prison authorities had allowed them to receive their letter. On the very day when they were set free they went at once to the railway station, and took their places in the first train that started for London. We all thought it a pity at Frizinghall that their proceedings were not privately watched. But, after Lady Verinder had dismissed the police-officer, and had stopped all further inquiry into the loss of the Diamond, no one else could presume to stir in the matter. The Indians were free to go to London, and to London they went. What was the next news we heard of them, Mr. Bruff?"

"They were annoying Mr. Luker," I answered, "by loitering about his house at Lambeth."

"Did you read the report of Mr. Luker's application to the magistrate?"

"Yes."

"In the course of his statement he referred, if you remember, to a foreign workman in his employment, whom he had just dismissed on suspicion of attempted theft, and whom he also distrusted as possibly acting in collusion with the Indians who had annoyed him. The inference is pretty plain, Mr. Bruff, as to who wrote that letter which puzzled you just now, and as to which of Mr. Luker's Oriental treasures the workman had attempted to steal."

The inference (as I hastened to acknowledge) was too plain to need being pointed out. I had never doubted that the Moonstone had found its way into Mr. Luker's hands, at the time to which Mr. Murthwaite alluded. My only question had been, How had the Indians discovered the circumstance? This question (the most difficult to deal with of all, as I had thought) had now received its answer, like the rest. Lawyer as I was, I began to feel that I might trust Mr. Murthwaite to lead me blindfold through the last windings of the labyrinth, along which he had guided me thus far. I paid him the compliment of telling him this, and found my little concession very graciously received.

"You shall give me a piece of information in your turn before we go on," he said. "Somebody must have taken the Moonstone from Yorkshire to London. And somebody must have raised money on it, or it would never have been in Mr. Luker's possession. Has there been any discovery made of who that person was?"

"None that I know of."

"There was a story (was there not?) about Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. I am told he is an eminent philanthropist—which is decidedly against him, to begin with."

I heartily agreed in this with Mr. Murthwaite. At the same time I felt bound to inform him (without, it is needless to say, mentioning Miss Verinder's name) that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had been cleared of all suspicion, on evidence which I could answer for as entirely beyond dispute.

"Very well," said Mr. Murthwaite, quietly, "let us leave it to time to clear the matter up. In the mean while, Mr. Bruff, we must get back again to the Indians, on your account. Their journey to London simply ended in their becoming the victims of another defeat. The loss of their second chance of seizing the Diamond is mainly attributable, as I think, to the cunning and foresight of Mr. Luker—who doesn't stand at the top of the prosperous and ancient profession of usury for nothing! By the prompt dismissal of the man in his employment, he deprived the Indians of the assistance which their confederate would have rendered them in getting into the house. By the prompt transport of the Moonstone to his banker's, he took the conspirators by surprise before they were prepared with a new plan for robbing him. How the Indians, in this latter case, suspected what he had done, and how they contrived to possess themselves of his banker's receipt, are events too recent to need dwelling on. Let it be enough to say that they know the Moonstone to be once more out of their reach; deposited (under the general description of 'a valuable gem') in a banker's strong-room. Now, Mr. Bruff, what is their third chance of seizing the Diamond? and when will it come?"

As the question passed his lips, I penetrated the motive of the Indian's visit to my office at last!

"I see it!" I exclaimed. "The Indians take it for granted, as we do, that the Moonstone has been pledged; and they want to be certainly informed of the earliest period at which the pledge can be redeemed—because that will be the earliest period at which the Diamond can be removed from the safe-keeping of the bank!"

"I told you you would find it out for yourself, Mr. Bruff, if I only gave you a fair chance. In a year from the time when the Moonstone was pledged, the Indians will be on the watch for their third chance. Mr. Luker's own lips have told them how long they will have to wait, and your respectable authority has satisfied them that Mr. Luker has spoken the truth. When do we suppose, at a rough guess, that the Diamond found its way into the money-lender's hands?"

"Toward the end of last June," I answered, "as well as I can reckon it."

"And we are now in the year 'forty-eight. Very good. If the unknown person who has pledged the Moonstone can redeem it in a year, the jewel will be in that person's possession again at the end of June, 'forty-nine. I shall be thousands of miles away from England and English news at that date. But it may be worth *your* while to take a note of it, and to arrange to be in London at the time."

"You think something serious will happen?" I said.

"I think I shall be safer," he answered, "among the fiercest fanatics of Central Asia than I should be if I crossed the door of the bank with the Moonstone in my pocket. The Indians have been defeated twice running, Mr. Bruff. It's my firm belief that they won't be defeated a third time."

Those were the last words he said on the subject. The coffee came in; the guests rose, and dispersed themselves around the room; and we joined the ladies of the dinner-party up stairs.

I made a note of the date, and it may not be amiss if I close my narrative by repeating that note here:

*June, 'forty-nine. Expect news of the Indians, toward the end of the month.*

And that done, I hand the pen, which I have now no further claim to use, to the writer who follows me next.

### Third Narrative.

*Contributed by Franklin Blake.*

### CHAPTER I.

In the spring of the year eighteen hundred and forty-nine I was wandering in the East, and had then recently altered the traveling plans which I had laid out some months before, and which I had communicated to my lawyer and my banker in London.

This change made it necessary for me to send one of my servants to obtain my letters and remittances from the English consul in a certain city, which was no longer included as one of my resting-places in my new traveling scheme. The man was to join me again at an appointed place and time. An accident, for which he was not responsible, delayed him on his errand. For a week I and my people waited, encamped on the borders of a desert. At the end of that time the missing man made his appearance, with the money and the letters, at the entrance of my tent.

"I am afraid I bring you bad news, Sir," he said, and pointed to one of the letters, which had a mourning border round it, and the address on which was in the handwriting of Mr. Bruff.

I know nothing, in a case of this kind, so unendurable as suspense. The letter with the mourning border was the letter that I opened first.

It informed me that my father was dead, and that I was heir to his great fortune. The wealth which had thus fallen into my hands brought its responsibilities with it; and Mr. Bruff entreated me to lose no time in returning to England.

By daybreak the next morning I was on my way back to my own country.

The picture presented of me by my old friend Betteredge, at the time of my departure from England, is (as I think) a little overdrawn. He has, in his own quaint way, interpreted seriously one of his young mistress's many satirical references to my foreign education; and has persuaded himself that he actually saw those French, German, and Italian sides to my character, which my lively cousin only professed to discover in jest, and which never had any real existence, except in our good Betteredge's own brain. But, barring the drawback, I am bound to own that he has stated no more than the truth in representing me as wounded to the heart by Rachel's treatment, and as leaving England in the first keenness of suffering caused by the bitterest disappointment of my life.

I went abroad, resolved—if change and absence could help me—to forget her. It is, I am persuaded, no true view of human nature which denies that change and absence *do* help a man under these circumstances: they force his attention away from the exclusive contemplation of his own sorrow. I never forgot her; but the pang of remembrance lost its worst bitterness, little by little, as time, distance, and novelty interposed themselves more and more effectually between Rachel and me.

On the other hand, it is no less certain that, with the act of turning homeward, the remedy which had gained its ground so steadily, began now, just as steadily, to drop back. The nearer I drew to the country which she inhabited, and to the prospect of seeing her again, the more irresistibly her influence began to recover its hold on me. On leaving England, she was the last person in the world whose name I would have suffered to pass my lips. On returning to England, she was the first person I inquired after when Mr. Bruff and I met again.

I was informed, of course, of all that had happened in my absence: in other words, of all that has been related here in continuation of Betteredge's narrative—one circumstance only being excepted. Mr. Bruff did not, at that time, feel himself at liberty to inform me of the motives which had privately influenced Rachel and Godfrey Ablewhite, in recalling the marriage promise, on either side. I troubled him with no embarrassing questions on this delicate subject. It was relief enough to me, after the jealous disappointment caused by hearing that she had ever contemplated being Godfrey's wife, to know that reflection had convicted her of acting rashly, and that she had effected her own release from her marriage engagement.

Having heard the story of the past, my next inquiries (still inquiries after Rachel!) advanced naturally to the present time. Under whose care had she been placed after leaving Mr. Bruff's house? and where was she living now?

She was living under the care of a widowed sister of the late Sir John Verinder—one Mrs. Merridew—whom her mother's executors had requested to act as guardian, and who had accepted the proposal. They were reported to me, as getting on together admirably well, and as being now established, for the season, in Mrs. Merridew's house in Portland Place.

Half an hour after receiving this information I was on my way to Portland Place—without having had the courage to own it to Mr. Bruff!

The man who answered the door was not sure whether Miss Verinder was at home or not. I sent him up stairs with my card, as the speediest way of setting the question at rest. The man came down again with an impenetrable face, and informed me that Miss Verinder was out. I might have suspected other people of purposely denying themselves to me. But it was impossible to suspect Rachel. I left word that I would call again at six o'clock that evening.

At six o'clock I was informed, for the second time, that Miss Verinder was not at home. Had any message been left for me? No message had been left for me. Had Miss Verinder not received my card? The servant begged my pardon—Miss Verinder *had* received it.

The inference was too plain to be resisted. Rachel declined to see me.

On my side I declined to be treated in this way without making an attempt, at least, to discover a reason for it. I sent up my name to Mrs. Merridew, and requested her to favor me with a personal interview at any hour which it might be most convenient to her to name.

Mrs. Merridew made no difficulty about receiving me at once. I was shown into a comfortable little sitting-room, and found myself in the presence of a comfortable little elderly lady. She was so good as to feel great regret and much surprise, entirely on my account. She was at the same time, however, not in a position to offer me any explanation, or to press Rachel on a matter which appeared to relate to a question of private feeling alone. This was said over and over again, with a polite patience that nothing could tire; and this was all I gained by applying to Mrs. Merridew.

My last chance was to write to Rachel. My servant took a letter to her the next day, with strict instructions to wait for an answer.

The answer came back, literally in one sentence.

"Miss Verinder begs to decline entering into any correspondence with Mr. Franklin Blake."

Fond as I was of her, I felt indignantly the insult offered to me in that reply. Mr. Bruff came in to speak to me on business before I had recovered possession of myself. I dismissed the business on the spot, and laid the whole case before him. He proved to be as incapable of enlightening me as Mrs. Merridew herself. I asked him if any slander had been spoken of me in Rachel's hearing. Mr. Bruff was not aware of any slander of which I was the object. Had she referred to me in any way while she was staying under Mr. Bruff's roof? Never. Had she not so much as asked, during all my long absence, whether I was living or dead? No such question had ever passed her lips.

I took out of my pocket-book the letter which poor Lady Verinder had written to me from Frizinghall, on the day when I left her house in Yorkshire. And I pointed Mr. Bruff's attention to these two sentences in it:

"The valuable assistance which you rendered to the inquiry after the lost jewel is still an unpardoned offense, in the present dreadful state of Rachel's mind. Moving blindfold in this matter, you have added to the burden of anxiety which she has had to bear, by innocently threatening her secret with discovery through your exertions."

"Is it possible," I asked, "that the feeling toward me which is there described is still as bitter as ever against me now?"

Mr. Bruff looked unaffectedly distressed.

"If you insist on an answer," he said, "I own I can place no other interpretation on her conduct than that."

I rang the bell, and directed my servant to pack my portmanteau, and to send out for a railway guide. Mr. Bruff asked, in astonishment, what I was going to do.

"I am going to Yorkshire," I answered, "by the next train."

"May I ask for what purpose?"

"Mr. Bruff, the assistance I innocently rendered to the inquiry after the Diamond was an unpardoned offense in Rachel's mind, nearly a year since; and it remains an unpardoned offense still. I won't accept that position! I am determined to find out the secret of her silence toward her mother, and her enmity toward *me*. If time, pains, and money can do it, I will lay my hand on the thief who took the Moonstone!"

The worthy old gentleman attempted to remonstrate—to induce me to listen to reason—to do his duty toward me, in short. I was deaf to every thing that he could urge. No earthly consideration would, at that moment, have shaken the resolution that was in me.

"I shall take up the inquiry again," I went on, "at the point where I dropped it; and I shall follow it onward, step by step, till I come to the present time. There are missing links in the evidence, as *I* left it, which Gabriel Betteredge can supply. And to Gabriel Betteredge I go!"

Toward sunset, that evening, I stood again on the well-remembered terrace, and looked once more at the peaceful old country house. The gardener was the first person whom I saw in the deserted grounds. He had left Betteredge, an hour since, sunning himself in the customary corner of the back yard. I knew it well; and I said I would go and seek him myself.

I walked round by the familiar paths and passages, and looked in at the open gate of the yard.

There he was—the dear old friend of the happy days that were never to come again—there he was in the old corner, on the old bee-hive chair, with his pipe in his mouth, and his Robinson Crusoe on his lap, and his two friends, the dogs, dozing on either side of him! In the position in which I stood my shadow was projected in front of me by the last slanting rays of the sun. Either the dogs saw it, or their keen scent informed them of my approach. They started up with a growl. Starting in his turn, the old man quieted them by a word, and then shaded his failing eyes with his hand, and looked inquiringly at the figure at the gate.

My own eyes were full of tears. I was obliged to wait for a moment before I could trust myself to speak to him.

## A COUNTRY DOCTOR'S LIFE.

**John Cordy Jeaffreson**, the author of several pleasant novels, lately found that he had not told all he knew of the professions in his "Book about Lawyers" and "Book about Doctors;" and he has written a novel called "A Noble Woman," evidently for the purpose of remedying that defect by using up his surplus material. Naturally he does not make a very good novel in pursuing such a plan, but he has written a very readable book of gossip. One of his characters—and the real character of the book—is a country doctor of the north of England. He has put into this hero's mouth a description of the pleasures of a country doctor's life, which will be appreciated by American physicians and American patients as well as if the scene were laid here, and it forms such pleasant reading that we are tempted to give it tongue in the *Weekly:*

"There is," says Stapleton, the doctor, "a satisfaction—that stirs my heart and warms it like good wine—in thinking that we Stapletons have been doctors here ever since Charles the First's time. When I look at the grave-stones of the six doctors in the cloisters of our old church yonder, father and son, and father and son, and father and son, ending with my dear father, who was a *rare* man, it is as good as reading a poem to imagine all the scenes of domestic joy and sorrow, suffering and heroism, in which they played the same parts among the men and women whose descendants are the men and women whom I do my best to comfort in sickness and encourage in dejection. As I drive about the country, along windy uplands, or over purple moors, through rain or sleet or cheery sunshine, it makes me feel the honor of my business to reflect—how, for two hundred years and more, we Stapletons have been in the thick of the fight whenever and wherever disease has broken out in these parts; how the simple folk of the Border villages, when fever has been raging in their dwellings, have listened for our wheels or the beat of our horses' feet, and hailed us, as we came into their streets with cries of joy, as though we were saviors able to pluck them from the jaws of death! And when I cross the threshold of a big county house, and am brought face to face with grand people who don't distinguish much between a country apothecary and a game-keeper, it puts pluck into my heart and nerve into my hand to think—'Ah! my Lord So-and-so, I am the doctor, and know more about the secrets of your house than you know yourself; and if it had not been for my father, or grandfather, or great-grandfather, as the case may be, you'd never have come into the world to own these broad acres and this grand hall, and be a leading man in the three counties.' It is when I look at my business in this way that I wouldn't exchange lots with any man, but feel that it will be quite glory enough for me when I come to my deathbed to be able to say that I have done my duty in the same line of labor, as zealously, if not as well, as my forefathers.

"The roughness is the beauty of it. In the summer, when the sun doctors the poor folk; and during harvest, when farm people haven't time to be ill, my life is mere holiday, and no fit occupation for an able-bodied man. I declare at such times I grow quite ashamed of myself as I slip about the Border in my saddle, spinning out the little I have to do, and vainly trying to persuade myself that I am not an idler. It's in the rough seasons, when the rough work comes, that I am happiest. And sometimes it is the roughest of rough. People who aren't in the run don't know, can't imagine what the sport is. 'How hard it is, doctor, that you must leave us before you've had so much as a piece of fish,' ladies say to me when I am called away from a dinner-party. But it isn't hard at all. It's far better than six courses and a bottle of '15 to know that the world can't get on without laying it into you hard and sharp. You feel you are of some use in the world when you're pulled in six different directions to six different cases, lying wide apart, with plenty of hail-storm and thunder between them. It puts the soldier into you, and brings the soldier out of you, to be up night after night, knowing that you haven't slept out of your boots for ten days, and feeling sure that ten days more must pass before you'll spend eight hours off in your own feather-bed. It puts the soldier into you to turn out of your warm blankets somewhere in the small hours of a winter's morning in answer to a ring at your night-bell, and make your way for eight miles in the teeth of a northeast wind over heath and common, when it is so dark that you can't see your own fingers, and have no choice but to give your horse his head, and put your trust in Providence and the animal's eyesight. Ay, and it puts the soldier into you to come home after a long round in a March thaw, hungry as a hunter, and licking your lips over anticipations of a hot dinner, and before you've entered your house to be met with a notice that you must start again for a house just two miles beyond the farthest point from which you've just come on your homeward journey; in which case there is nothing for it but to bolt your provender like a beast of prey, write out your prescriptions for your dispenser, change your wet coat for a damp one, and turn out once more, with a fresh horse and your best gig-lamps. That's the kind of time, my lad, when you see the worst side of your own temper, and learn the use of a light sulky, a double-caped over-coat, and nag that can trot sixteen miles an hour.

"Sometimes, no doubt, we get good wages, and taking the year through we manage to fare as well as our neighbors; but on occasions the pay is wretched bad—ay, far worse than you can suppose. Many a day the girls, looking out of their windows in the High Street in the morning, say, 'There's the doctor off into the country,' and eight hours after, when they see me return, they think to themselves, 'Here he is back again: he has been out all day. What a fortune he is making!' Bless me! perhaps six out of the eight hours have been spent by the bedside of a pauper's wife. Six hours in a workman's stuffy chamber, the sweat rolling down your face as if you were a nigger in a sugar factory, and death all the time grinning at you over the grimy cover of the poor creature's hard mattress, and all the payment—ten shillings and sixpence from the union! And there's worse paid work than that for me—work done for honest struggling mortals: so poor that they can barely keep the wolf from the door, and yet so proud that they'd die from starvation rather than fall upon the parish. They're the sort of folk for whom I feel, 'There, I'll do my best, and if I ever press you for a sixpence of your narrow means, may I turn a maniac and die eating my own flesh!' But then the man who does his duty by the poor gets something better than money for his wages. The reward comes when he sees the women of the villages run out of their cottages at the noise of his wheels, to courtesy and stare after him with grateful eyes; when he hears the children raise a cheer at the school-house for the doctor who pulled them out of the bad fever; when the men in white smocks smile at him from their teeth to their eyelids, as they put their horny hands to their forelocks. And I am inclined to think that not the least part of his reward comes when the grateful creatures trudge from hamlet and glen to see him lowered to his last resting-place, and to mutter simple prayers and rude blessings over his open grave."

## RIDDLES.

IN olden time the riddle was often allied to apologue and fable, and therefore, if for no other reason, its birth-place was probably the East. It certainly seems to have been known to the Egyptians, if it did not originate with them. That the Jews were well acquainted with it must be clear to any one familiar with the Bible. Not to dwell on the well-known one of Samson, Josephus tells us how great was Solomon both at making and solving riddles, and how he once won a sum of money from Hiram, King of Tyre, in a riddle contest, and afterward lost it in a similar way to one of Hiram's subjects—nay, the questions which the Queen of Sheba put to Solomon, it has been thought, were posers of the riddle kind. But other peoples of the East, besides the Jews, have cultivated the riddle largely. It figures in the Koran as well as in the Bible; and even whole books of riddles, we are told, are to be found in Arabic and Persian.

Then, again, we know that among the Greeks and Romans the riddle was very common. Indeed, if Plutarch is to be believed, Homer died of one that he could not solve. Chagrin at his failure killed the poor old bard. Nor during the Dark or Middle Ages do we find that riddles had grown into disfavor. On the contrary, they were much cultivated, and our forefathers found great amusement in them.

Specimens of what these riddles were may be met with in English, French, and German. They exist in many a funny old book like that which was printed by Wynkin de Worde as early as 1511, and which bore the title of "Demands Joyous." Some of these demands, like the age, were very coarse, and some were very simple. When we get nearer to our own times (for the Reformation somewhat put a stop to the merry-making and riddle-making that used to go together), we find the riddle kept its ground as well on the Continent as in England. In France a learned Jesuit wrote a treatise on the subject, and about the time of Louis Quatorze the making of riddles grew quite fashionable. Those literary big-wigs, Rousseau and Voltaire, tried their hands at riddle-making. After their time the *Mercure de France* became a regular vehicle for riddles, and to solve one, it is even said, made the solver famous. In Germany Schiller built up the riddle to what it had scarcely been before. Its conception became a poetical one. With him it grew to be a thing of beauty, and invested with charms that only poetry can give. He made it possess an interest and meaning that lay beyond its mere solution. As treated by him, it gives one an idea of what it might have been of old, and of his having gone back to the time of the Sibyls, and learned the art of making riddles from them.

Here is one by Schiller which has force and spirit:

In a house of stone I keep,
Where I hidden lie and sleep;
But, steel weapon summoned by,
Forth I leap, and out I fly:
Faint, weak, small, at first, a breath
Might o'ercome me; and in death
Whelm me might a rain-drop then;
Yet doth victory fledge me, when
Joined by my strong sister, lo!
I the world's dread conq'ror grow.

In England and in this country we have always shown a love for riddles as great perhaps as that of any other country, and never more so than in the present day, to judge by the collections made of them, and by what we almost daily see or hear. But most of these are properly conundrums—a mere playing upon words. A taste for this kind of thing may be indulged in till it grows to be a very frivolous one; but it is worthy of note how many English names among the illustrious in every walk of life belong to those who, in some form or other, have tried their hand at riddle-making.

To begin with statesmen—Fox tried his on woman, and made a riddle of her which was hardly fair from him. It is not bad; but a better one is that which he contrived about a bed:

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would wish to give away,
And none would wish to keep.

Not less good is that by Canning on the word Cares, which perhaps his political life suggested, but which, it is to be hoped, his domestic life in that case might find a ready answer to. It is not so well known but that one may give it here:

A noun there is of plural number,
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber:
Now any other noun you take,
By adding *s* you plural make,
But if you add an *s* to this
Strange is the metamorphosis;
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet what bitter was before.

Cod has been made into something very good, and has often been laid at Macaulay's door, but he never had any thing to do with it. The supposition, however, that he had—perhaps, even more than its own excellence—has led to the cutting off many a head and tail that folks can make neither head nor tail of. Here are some of these *disjecta membra* for my readers to make any thing out of that they can:

Cut off my head, and I have horns to gore you;
Cut off my tail, my sting yet know me by;
Cut off both head and tail, I still may bore you,
Though nothing now is left me but a cry!

What are my head and tail cut off? Effects,
If sounded, sure, without sufficient cause!
Following but where his pleasure man connects
With following me, and not kind Nature's laws.

Once more:

Cut off my head, you bring a king to life!
Cut off my tail, and lo! no less you see;
Cut off both head and tail, where cries are rife
You find me now, tho' naught you make of me.

What are my head and tail cut off?—Remains
Of Royalty deposed for having spared
Those who with my successor, for their pains,
If they went further, certainly worse fared!

The riddles of Praed—or rather the charades—are remarkable for their force and spirit, and their singular elegance and beauty. They are the only ones to oppose to those of Schiller, though they are written in a very different style from his. Schiller's are those of a poetical recluse, and have a Sibylline beauty about them. Praed's are those of the man of the world, but of one who carried something of the poet too, and the philosopher also, into it. They seem written not so much for the sake of the enigma as to give free play to his own poetic fancy. They are none of them very hard to guess; and yet there is one that some twenty years ago made not a little noise in the world (though not by any means his best), as no one had been able to find the answer to it.

The term Charade is said to be French, and derived from the name of him who invented it. And as good an example as could possibly be given of what a true charade should be may be found in the dictionary of the French Academy. "My first employs my second to eat my whole." The answer is, "Chien-dent, or dog-grass." But we shall look in vain for any charades that have all the various merits of Praed's—his easy elegance, his force and spirit, his play of fancy, his true poetic feeling. As it is very short, and elegant besides, we find room for one of the only two riddles, properly so called, that he wrote:

In other days, when hope was bright,
Ye spake to me of love and light,
Of endless spring, and cloudless weather,
And hearts that doted linked together!

But now ye tell another tale;
That life is brief, and beauty frail,
That joy is dead, and fondness blighted,
And hearts that doted disunited!

Away! Ye grieve, and ye rejoice
In one unfelt, unfeeling voice:
And ye, like every friend below,
Are hollow in your joy and woe!

If we leave the politicians for the poets, we find a beautiful riddle by Cowper that might have been suggested to the amiable bard by some such sweet lips as prompted Johnny Gilpin:

I am just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that can not be told:
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

Two or three of Moore's political squibs were in the form of riddles. Here is one that was *telling* in its day:

Why is a pump like Viscount Castlereagh?

Answer:

Because it is a slender thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

Among novelists who have been guilty of riddle-making was Mrs. Opie, and one that was very well known in its day; but when we get among scholars and divines the guilt grows more common, and of deeper dye! Is not Porson charged with Latin charades; and, worse still, the late Archbishop Whately with conundrums?

The late Master of Trinity has the credit of a riddle to add to the list of great names already quoted, and one of a very original kind. I will not vouch for his being its author, but I know that his friends heard it very often from him, and that he took as much interest in it as if it were his own. Here it is:

U O a O, but I O thee,
O O no O, but O O me:
Then let not my O a O go,
But give O O I O thee so.

You sigh for a cipher, but I sigh for thee,
O sigh for no cipher, but O sigh for me:
Then let not my sigh for a cipher go,
But give sigh for sigh for I sigh for thee so.

This sighing riddle was much admired by Dr. Whewell, but is it much more ingenious than this old one?

Stand take to takings,
I you throw my.

I understand
You undertake
To overthrow
My undertakings.

or than this:

If the B m t put:
When the : burns make a .

If the grate be empty, put coal on:
When the coal on burns, make a full stop.

To add one more illustrious name to the list of those already mentioned, we give Professor De Morgan's for the following capital riddle: "How do you know that there is no danger of starving in the desert? Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there. And how do you know you will get sandwiches there? Because Ham went into the desert, and his descendants bred (bread) and mustered (mustard)."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AGRICULTURE is recognized as the basis of our national prosperity; and whatever contributes to the establishment of agricultural science on the sure foundation of well-ascertained facts, is worthy the special consideration of those who cultivate the soil, and the hearty approval of all wise citizens. So long ago as 1785 a "Society for Promoting Agriculture" was formed in Philadelphia by gentlemen in various walks in life, who saw the necessity of improvement in this branch of industry. General Washington was an honorary member of this Society, and was ever warmly interested in its proceedings, and expressed his desire to see a central agricultural organization established under the care of the Federal Government. Associations similar to that in Philadelphia were soon formed in several of the States. At first they were ridiculed by practical farmers; but being found positively useful prejudice vanished, and Agricultural Societies have since sprung up in every part of the Union. And when, in 1862, a Department of Agriculture was established in Washington, by Act of Congress, many rejoiced that the national government thus recognized that branch of productive industry as entitled to its special care.

Topics of great practical utility to farmers throughout the country are investigated by this Department; valuable information is disseminated in the regular series of agricultural reports; new and valuable seeds are distributed to those really desirous of cultivating them, and sharing with others the benefit gained thereby; a propagating garden is in successful operation, from which plants (chiefly of the small fruits) are distributed, and in which seeds of foreign growth are tested prior to distribution; special investigation is made by the entomologist in regard to insects which are destructive to the products of the soil; and soils and plants of various kinds are analyzed by the chemist. Information in regard to numerous other matters pertaining to agriculture is conveyed through this Department; as, for example, of improvements in farm implements, in raising and training cattle, in dairying, and wool-growing. All these topics are of great general interest, since an intelligent cultivation of the soil will tend to make labor more remunerative, produce cheaper, and the wealth of the country greater.

At present the Agricultural Department is located in the basement story of the Patent-office. A very interesting and instructive museum is here collected, though not advantageously arranged, since it is crowded into two small rooms, quite inadequate to the purpose. Nevertheless, the best possible use is made of what space there is, and the visitor is amply repaid by the curious specimens exhibited, and by the explanations which are cordially given in regard to them. When the new building for this Department is completed there will be ample accommodations for the museum, and room to carry on all useful operations to advantage.

A new explosive is announced called "Dynamid," or "Giant Powder." It is said that all ordinary blows and the most violent agitation do not affect it; but when a fired fuse, ending in a percussion cap of fulminating mercury, is put into a loose mass, its explosion is immensely powerful. A table-spoonful of it, on a stone covered with a brick, blew the brick into dust and shattered the stone into kernels. The same amount thus exploded blew a hole through one end of a balanced two-inch plank, on which it had been poured, without disturbing the balance. And its greatest power is seen when used in the toughest kind of rocks.

A sufficient portion of the new Hudson River Railroad Dépôt, on the ground formerly occupied by St. John's Park, is now erected, to give some idea of what the enormous structure will be when completed. But a better conception of its size and nature will be obtained by a personal visit than by mere facts and figures. The front of the building on Hudson Street is to be 489 feet, having the same length rearward on Varick Street; the depth on Laight and Beach streets is 406 feet. Brick, granite, and iron are the materials used in its construction, it being a leading idea to make the dépôt fire-proof and substantial. There will be ample accommodations for storage, and every arrangement made for convenience and safety in every department. The dépôt will probably be completed about January next.

Some strange cases are reported of persons thinking they had swallowed their false teeth, becoming seriously sick in consequence, but recovering on finding the missing ivories safe in their bureau drawer or waistcoat pocket. A stranger instance was lately given of a man who really swallowed a set of false teeth while in an epileptic fit. But perhaps the strangest "swallowing case" on record is that of a youth about eighteen years old, who was partially insane. He swallowed an old-fashioned clock key, with two right angles in the bars, a common silver tea-spoon, and a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. Having mentioned incidentally to his mother how he had disposed of these articles, a *post mortem* examination was made, and it was found that he had spoken the truth. The Reports of the New York State Medical Society contain the details of this almost incredible case.

The St. Cloud Hotel, corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, has lately been opened to the public. It is constructed of brick with white stone trimmings, and is in the modern French style of architecture. All the apartments are heated by steam, and contain hot and cold water. The wood-work throughout the house is of oiled chestnut, no paint being used in any of the rooms. The stairways are of iron, and an elevator conveys the guests to the upper floors. It is intended to conduct the establishment on the European plan.

A gentleman who for several years had resided in the suburbs of Boston had succeeded in gathering quite a collection of ancient coins. About a year ago he moved into town, and placing his treasure in a box deposited them in a closet. Not long since he had occasion to go to his coin-box and very much to his surprise found it empty. Upon appealing to his wife for an explanation he learned that she (not knowing their value) had been cultivating her taste for music by bestowing them liberally upon organ-grinders. *Moral*—Gentlemen indulging in artistic (or other) specialties should inform their wives.

The following curious calculation has been made of the number of changes of which the kaleidoscope is capable. Supposing the instrument to contain twenty pieces of glass, etc., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,899,576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing, amounting (according to our frail idea of the nature of things) to an eternity. Or, if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days, to exhaust its variations.

The authorities say that the word "flirt" originated in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. The gallants of the court acquired a habit of addressing their girlish friends as "ma fleurette," or "my little flower." The noun "fleurette" finally grew into a verb, and the term "fleuretter une demoiselle" was used in speaking of attentions paid to a beauty. After the importation of "fleuretter" to England it degenerated to "fleuter," and finally to "flirt."

A Democrat in Meriden, Connecticut, excited by the election, demolished an opponent thus: "Ye needn't talk to me! I'll bet if you try ten years you can't make me equal to a nigger, no how you can fix it!" The point was visible.

A novel architectural invention comes from Paris, called the "Aerodome," or house in the air. The leading idea of the projector is to widen streets and build houses higher—say ten stories high. Access to the upper stories will be gained by means of "lifts," such as are now used in some hotels. The frame-work of the buildings will be of iron, and, of course, the lower stories at least must be two or three times as strong as is usually the case now. In large blocks, occupying rectangles, there will be a terrace about ten feet broad above the fifth story, giving the appearance of one building above another. The upper one is the aerodome proper. The basement flats would serve for shops, offices, etc.; those above the terrace would be inhabited by the people connected with the establishments below. The inhabitants of the aerodomes may communicate with each other by means of bridges thrown across from terrace to terrace. Each aerodome, it is calculated, will contain one thousand or more people, all enjoying commodious apartments, a pure atmosphere, and abundance of light; while the streets below will be light and airy. Building one city on top of another is certainly an experiment the success of which must be determined by future results. What quality of air would be afforded the occupants of the lower stories is questionable; and it would seem that a fire occurring in such a block would be very destructive to life.

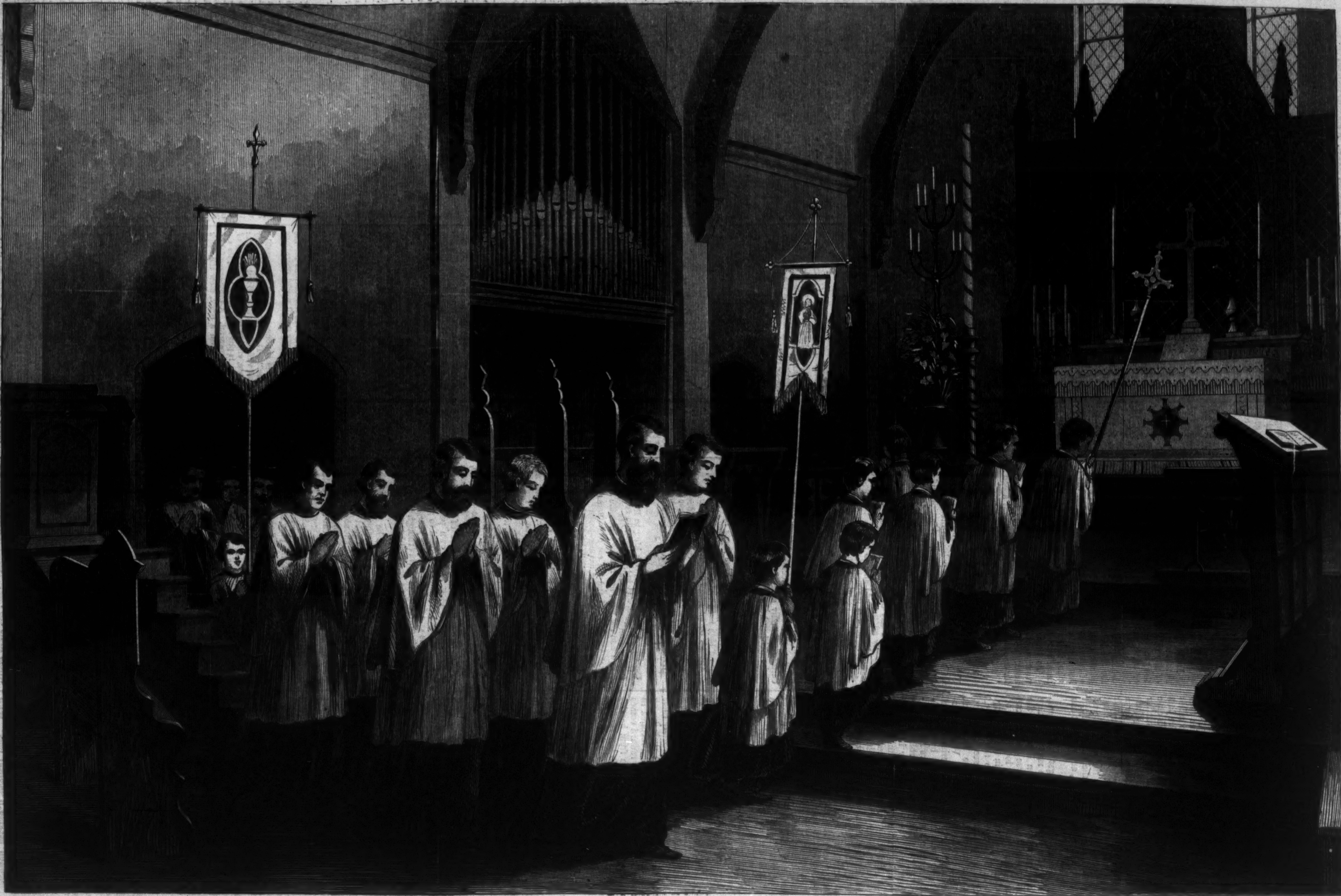
Some disbeliever in woman's secretiveness respectfully dedicates the following "true anecdote" to the sex as a forcible illustration of their faculty of keeping secrets. Lucy P—— is a pretty, reckless brunette, the idol of her father, and the spoiled child of her mother. Every body scolds at her quizzical and odd sayings, and all love her for her frankness and open heart. One day she was walking with a friend, arm in arm, and was teasing her friend to tell her something which was not proper to be universally circulated. Her friend answered her, "Tell you, Lucy? No indeed. I shall do no such a thing—you never kept any thing twenty-four hours in your life." She flung her arm around her friend's neck in a very convincing manner, and exclaimed, "Oh! Miss X——, I can keep a secret; indeed I can. There was Miss A—— told me six months ago that she was engaged to be married, and I never told any one of it, and I never will."

It was not until her friend burst into a fit of laughter that she was aware her secret was out.

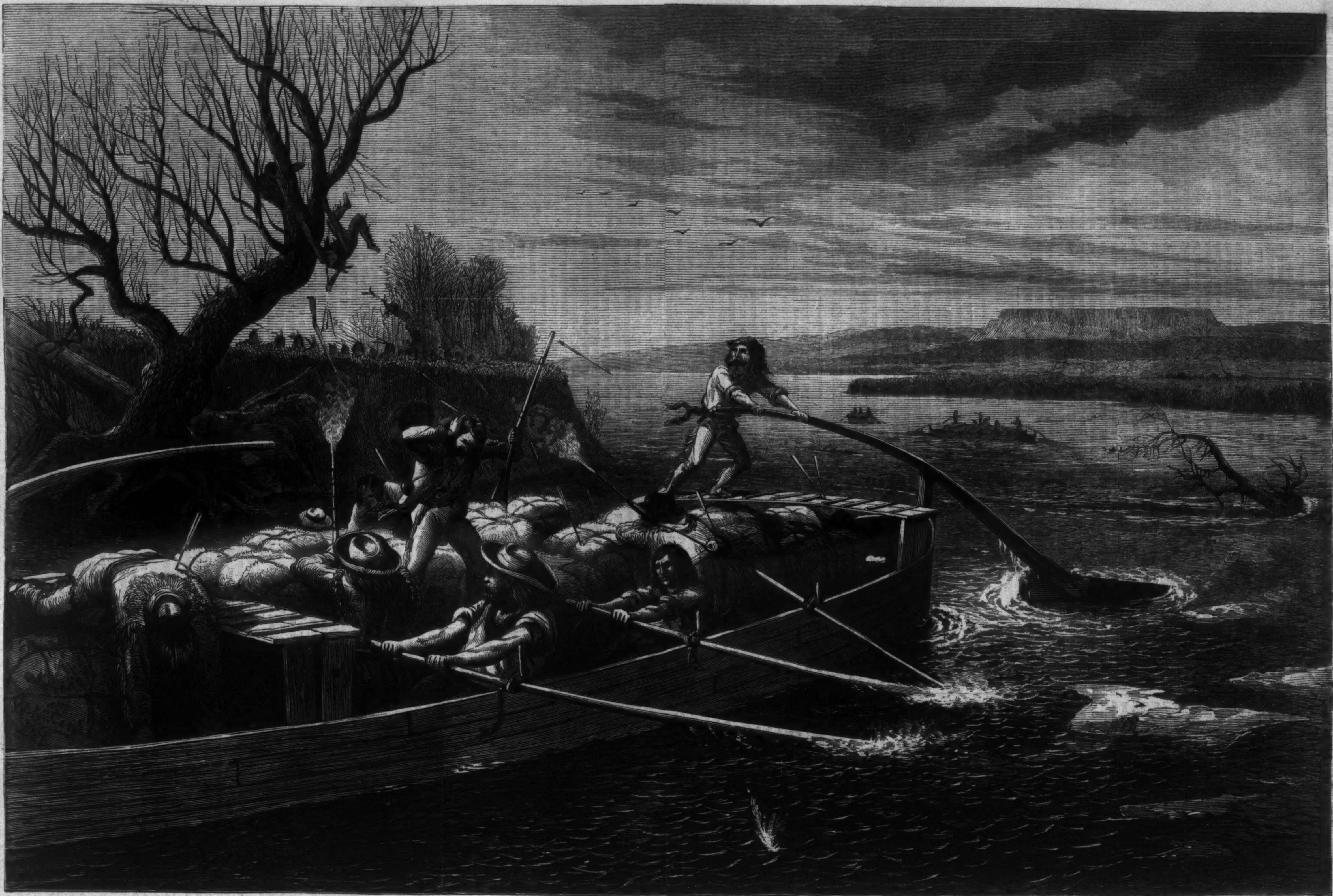
An ingenious Parisian makes an attack on the custom among composers of giving the tenor the *rôle* of the lover. He has published a dictionary of music as applied to love, in which he says: "It may be demonstrated, physiologically, that an intimate connection exists between the gravity of the voice and that warmth of blood and nervous impetuosity which determines vehemence of sentiment. To imitate nature, the part of the lover should be played by the baritone, or even the bass. It is notorious that nature has endowed with more generous traits the creatures who possess deep voices, while those whose voice is shrill and high are generally dangerous and perfidious. Compare the Newfoundland dog (bass) with the cur (falsetto), and say whether you would rather be shut up in a cage with a duck (baritone) or with a serpent (soprano)."

At a recent auction sale of rare and curious American books, the Indian Bible of John Eliot was sold for the astonishing price of $1130. It was purchased for a private library. This Bible was published in 1663; but the printing, which was done at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was commenced three years before. It was dedicated to Charles II. It was the very first Bible in any language ever printed in America.

The latest example of grammatical comparison comes from a student traveler who had just made a tour through the mines of California: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus!"—This is almost equal to the "parsing" of a bright-eyed little fellow in a certain country school. The word "waif" occurred in the lesson, and he puzzled over it a few moments, when, as a bright idea struck him, he burst out with, "I can parse it. Positive, waif; comparative, waifer; superlative, sealing-wax!"



RITUALISM AT ST. ALBAN'S, NEW YORK—ORDER OF PROCESSION AT THE HIGH CELEBRATION ON EASTER-DAY.—SKETCHED BY W. D. WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 330.]



FUR-TRADERS ON THE MISSOURI ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—Sketched by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 330.]

## RITUALISM AT ST. ALBAN'S.

In this country we are scarcely able to appreciate the real significance of the Ritualistic movement. It arose within the Anglican Church a generation ago under the leadership of the Tractarians, with Dr. Pusey at their head. In England, therefore, it had its main field of operation; and there it has excited the most violent controversy which has ever divided the Established Church. In America, where that Church has no connection with the State, and no predominance in point of numbers over other Christian organizations, the subject awakens comparatively little interest—far less than it really deserves on its own account, and by reason of its decidedly anti-Protestant tendencies.

Still the question is eagerly asked by many, "What really is Ritualism? What are its innovations? What its tendencies?" We have on page 328 given an illustration of the Ritualistic High Celebration at St. Alban's last Easter morn, or rather of the procession inaugurating that service. In connection with this engraving we purpose to say a few words touching the ceremonial, the peculiar doctrines, and the professed objects of the Ritualists.

We have obtained from Father Morrill—the Rector of St. Alban's—the following description of the order of the procession represented in our illustration:

"1. The Crucifer, vested in violet cassock and cotta.
"2. Choristers (boys) vested in blue cassocks and cottas.
"3. Boys bearing the Banner of St. Alban's.
"4. Choristers (men) in surplices.
"5. Banner of the Blessed Sacrament.
"6. Deacon and Sub-Deacon, vested respectively in Dalmatic and Tunicle.
"7. The Celebrant in chasuble, etc.
"When the Thurifer (incense-bearer) reaches the position in the centre of the chancel shown in the drawing, he remains standing, bowing reverently, while the choristers, etc., file on either side and occupy the stalls." Then follows the celebration, which is an impressive ceremonial.

We need not remind our readers that this is not the ordinary custom observed in the celebration of Easter service in the Episcopal Church. It is the revival, more or less perfect, of the ancient Anglo-Catholic custom. "These practices of ours," say the Ritualists, alluding in general to all the changes recently introduced in their mode of worship, "are the really ancient, tried, lawful, reverent usages of the Church of England during a thousand years, and the customs we seek to drive out are modern innovations, only some three hundred years old." But these three hundred years constitute the *Protestant* era of the Church. The new movement is a deliberate and undisguised attempt to revive the Anglo-Catholic ceremonial, to "un-Protestantize" the Church, to restore that period in which arose the magnificent cathedrals of Europe—those matchless temples of medieval religion—and when it was the firm belief of Christians that it is the revealed will of God that He should be worshiped with ceremonial splendor. It is the same belief which leads the Ritualists to drape their churches in the deepest mourning during Lent, of which sombre drapery they are at Easter divested, its place being taken by the most costly adornments which the enthusiasm of the congregations prompt or their wealth can provide.

One of the most palpable features of this revived ceremonial is its elaborate *symbolism*. Every portion of it involves a "sacred secret, full of grave intentions, as setting forth a precious truth, or symbolizing a divine attribute." Thus the incense represents the merits of Christ's atonement. The *alb*—a long white linen robe, girded round the waist—indicates the purity of the priestly character. The altar-lights symbolize the Light of the World. The *chasuble* (worn as we have seen by the celebrant in the St. Alban's Easter service), a broad garment covering the entire person except the head, represents charity, covering all human infirmities; the *dalmatic*, white, with purple, signifies by its broad sleeves breadth of liberality; the silk stoles (sold to the Ritualists in sets, white, red, violet, and green) denote the yoke of Christ and the cord that bound Him; while the octangular baptismal font signifies the seven days of the old creation and the new creation of regeneration.

The approach toward Rome is still more evident in the peculiar doctrines of the Ritualists than in their ceremonial, especially those involved in the revived usages of confession, priestly absolution, and vows of celibacy. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which among Protestants is a memorial service, a communion, is among the Ritualists the celebration of a sacrifice. In one of the private prayers at the close of the mass (for even the Romish name is revived), the priest implores that the sacrifice which he has offered "may be acceptable unto God and propitiatory for himself, and all for whom he has offered it." This is in accordance with the papal doctrine "that the sacrifice of the mass benefits more than the receiver, and that it may be offered for quick and dead to have remission of pain and guilt." Compare this with the description of the communion given in one of the Ritualistic manuals of devotion, as "a sacrifice of praise and propitiation," in which our Lord "*through his own presence*, communicates the virtues of his most precious death and passion to all his faithful, living *and departed*." The doctrines of Transubstantiation and of Baptismal Regeneration, in regard to which the Anglican Church has tolerated the most varying beliefs, are now insisted upon by the Ritualists. The papal doctrine that the traditional authority of the Church is equal to that of the Scriptures is revived in its full force. Here we have a distinct renunciation of the very corner-stone of Protestantism.

The Ritualistic movement, it must be conceded, originated about thirty years ago, in connection with a revival of the Anglican Church from the spiritual lethargy into which it had fallen. But the Ritualists, though prominent, were not the sole movers in this reform. The Bishop of Oxford has truly remarked that where "the movement itself had been deepest these Ritualistic extravagances had the least appeared." Others carried on this spiritual revival in accordance with the grand argument of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century—they sought to revive Apostolic Christianity; the Ritualists, on the other hand, not only protested against the spiritual torpidity of the times but against Protestantism itself; they sought, and still seek, to revive Medieval Christianity. The Rev. R. H. Froude—father of the historian, and a disciple of Dr. Pusey—distinctly announced his desire "to un-Protestantize the Church."

The most remarkable feature of the Ritualistic movement is the reassertion, already alluded to, of the traditional authority of the Church. It was upon this authority that all the abuses and corruptions and superstitions of the Medieval Church rested; upon it was based also their intolerant persecution of heretics; and it was against this authority that the Reformers protested. The concession of this authority would be a retrogression of Christianity—a leap backward over three centuries of progress—a restoration of the Papal Church and the Papal Priesthood. Such a Church and such a Priesthood are advocated in a recent sermon delivered by the Rev. Morgan Dix, in Trinity Chapel. The Priesthood of the Church, he claimed, is endowed with supernatural powers, as were Moses, Aaron, and Elijah. A priest is a man sent from God not merely to preach the Gospel to other men, and to endeavor to lead them in the way of salvation, but he is endowed with powers which other men do not possess. The Church is not, he said, a mere voluntary association, but a supernatural and divine system, and we have no more right to alter any of its laws, ordinances, or sacraments, than we have to choose another Redeemer.

The argument of the Ritualists may be summed up thus: Protestantism, with its assertion of the right of individual interpretation, and its consequent tolerance of varying beliefs so far as they are not contrary to Evangelical doctrine; with its Church divested of medieval corruptions; with its Christ as the sole mediator between God and man; with its Bible as a self-sufficing rule of faith and practice; with its worship, which contents itself with being a worship "in spirit and in truth"—has proved a failure both as a development of faith and as a means of preserving the Church against infidel opposition. It must therefore be surrendered; and its vulnerable armor must be laid aside for the armor and weapons of the Papal Church, whose claim to infallibility, whose splendid ritual, and whose peculiar doctrines have been found necessary to the true development of Christianity amidst a world of perturbations, and against the attacks of unbelievers.

Well, the antagonism between the claims of two systems of faith, which have for three centuries divided Christendom, will still go on, even if the Ritualists, even if the entire Anglican Church, should go over to Rome. If Protestantism is stronger it will stand the test, and prevail; if weaker, as the Ritualists claim, then surely it ought to be, then surely it *will* be defeated. Christendom and all the interests of Christendom are committed to the conflict. Evidently there is no compromise; evidently also there must come a time for the absolute surrender of one side or of the other. Will it be of Rome to Christ, or of Christ to Rome?

## FUR-TRADERS ON THE MISSOURI.

Our engraving on page 329 represents the Mackinaw boats of a fur company, loaded with bales of buffalo and other skins, attacked by Indians while descending the Missouri River to St. Louis. This is a scene to be frequently witnessed in the spring. The boats leave the upper frontier forts as soon as the ice breaks up, thus obtaining the advantage of the early spring floods. These floods render the Missouri very swift, and the boats are often enabled thereby to make the trip from Fort Benton to St. Louis, a distance of 3700 miles, in two weeks.

## THE WORLD'S WAGES.

### AN HUNGARIAN FABLE.

In the hot mid-day sunshine a poor countryman was making his way homeward to his native village, wearied and bent under the ponderous burden he was bringing from the neighboring town. He knew well that a scolding awaited him (as usual) from his ill-tempered wife, who had been expecting him with no little impatience, and every step seemed to tire him more and to make his load heavier, as it brought him nearer to her rattling, wrangling tongue. He felt so wholly exhausted that he was glad to stagger to the boundary-stone of an adjacent field, upon which he sat himself down to rest for a short quarter of an hour.

Under the stone, however, in a rut which had been made by a water-course, or by the result of some accident which had caused the displacement of the stone, an enormous snake was hidden, and scarcely was the countryman seated ere the snake put out her head, and, with a loud but agonized hiss, thus spoke: "Welcome, welcome, friendly stranger! Take pity on me, and release me from the weight of this monstrous stone, which every instant threatens to crush me. It is more and more unbearable; and if you will not save me, I must perish."

The countryman doubted whether he ought to assist a reptile of such known and hereditary enmity to man. He felt, however, some pity, though he hesitated to draw nearer to the snake; but the snake appealed to him with ever-increasing earnestness. "I implore, I conjure you, by all that is merciful! Save me! save me! I will reward you with every recompense that man pays to man for his good deeds—but save me!" The countryman could not resist the repeated piteous appeals. He mustered all his strength, turned over the stone, and released the prisoner.

What was his astonishment, what his fright, when the monster, full of fury, moved toward him, spitting poison and menacing destruction. He could scarcely find breath to ask, while pale and trembling he staggered away, "Is this the reward, the promised reward to thy deliverer!" The snake coldly replied, "Such are the world's wages for benefit; and I promised thee nothing more."

The words only increased the countryman's alarm. He saw no way of escape, and no helper was at hand. Finding no hope of deliverance, his heart beating with horror, his cheeks streaming with tears, he thus addressed the terrible reptile: "I am in thy power, at thy mercy. I have neither strength nor courage to resist, and yet I can not understand the meaning of thy discourse. I am a poor simple countryman, ignorant of the ways of the world. I know not whether its wages are such as you propose to pay. Enlighten me on this matter, or at least let some just judge decide between us."

"So be it," answered the snake. "'Tis a reasonable proposal. On that dry heath there is an ancient war-horse, a far nobler beast than I may have appeared to thee. Let us hasten to him; he shall be the judge."

No sooner said than done. The countryman moved tremblingly over the fields, and his venomous companion crept slowly behind him. They reached the burnt and grassless heather, and, behold, a gray horse stood before them—a ragged steed, a mere skeleton—whose nostrils were exploring the barren heath in search of a few scattered blades of grass. The snake broke the silence, and began to question the poor broken-down beast: "What dost thou here on this wild waste, while there is such a supply of rich fodder in the master's stables? What brought thy noble loins to such a wretched skeleton which thy rough hide scarcely covers?" Neighing woefully, the horse replied: "Know you not that these are the common wages of the world, and it is thus that friendly services are rewarded? For thirty weary years I bore a valiant warrior on my back; I obeyed his every wink; I turned at his every touch of my bridle. Seven times I saved him in the battle tempest from fetters and from death. Now, worn out by toil and time, no longer able to serve, he has delivered me over to the knacker, and soon my hide is to be severed from my bones."

"Ha! ha!" said the snake to the countryman. "Dost thou hear? Prepare for death, for that is thy doom." He spoke, coiled himself up, and was about to spring furiously upon the doomed one, but he threw himself down humbly on his knees between the horse and the snake, and thus put forward his petition: "Spare me, spare me but a little while. I have a wife and children at home. Who will provide for them if you destroy me? Oh let us appeal to another judge—the life of man hangs upon the award; and if he confirms the sentence given, I will prepare myself for death."

"Agreed," said the crafty creature. "I grant also this to thee of my great grace." And they crossed the heather over to a thicket in which the snake had seen the form of an animal in the distance; and as they approached they found a very old hunting-dog fastened with a cord to the trunk of a willow-tree, lean and wretched, and utterly unable to protect himself from the swarms of flies that tormented him dreadfully.

"And who brought thee, Squire Harehunt, to this willow trunk—to this forlorn condition? Why, it was but the other day I saw thee joyfully and bravely following the game over the country. What does it all mean?" inquired the snake. The poor dog set up a bitter howl, and thus replied, "Such are the world's wages, such the recompense of friendly deeds. Six years I served my master with diligence and fidelity—served him in house and field—and deserved the name I bore; I was a terror to the hares, known and feared by their whole army; and now I am bound to this willow trunk, condemned to die, and only waiting the arrival of the keeper to dispatch me."

The countryman shuddered body and soul. He saw the snake wreathing her folds in self-gratulation, and preparing to revel in the success of her machinations. All hope of delivery had vanished, and the poor countryman began to prepare himself for death, and to recommend himself to the keeping of God before drinking the bitter cup. But, lo! suddenly a fox sprung forward from the wood where he had been hidden, quickly took his place between the countryman and the snake, and very courteously asked what was the subject of their quarrel. He winked at the countryman, while the snake watched all his movements, and offered the poor man his patronage if he would help him to a good supply from the poultry-yard. "Yes! yes!" said the countryman, upon which the fox said he would institute a proper inquiry into the whole affair.

And to the countryman's great astonishment, the snake gave her consent, and they conducted the wondering fellow back to the very boundary from which he had witnessed the beginning of his strange adventure.

When they reached the spot the fox betook himself to silent and thoughtful musings. He looked at the stone around, above, and below, poked with his nose, brushed with his tail, and began an eloquent harangue: "Beloved, beautiful, and accomplished snake! I can no more doubt or deny your right than I can add another charm to the grace of your body; nay, I am as sensible of the justice of your claims as is this stone to the brightness of the shining scales on your back, but I am somewhat perplexed with the question as to how your stately form could have been confined in this small hole. In order that I should form a righteous judgment the whole matter must be made clear."

"I will answer then at once," said the snake, and suddenly crept into the very hole where she had been before concealed. The fox gave a sharp wink to the countryman, who so suddenly and dextrously turned over the stone upon the snake that it was almost impossible for her to stretch out her head. "And couldst thou indeed breathe?" inquired the fox, with affected wonderment; "couldst thou indeed breathe in this narrow, uncomfortable place?" "Uncomfortable, indeed," said the snake, "very uncomfortable—the stone is so very heavy—let me out, let me out, or I shall be pressed to death." The last words were feebly uttered from the squeezed throat of the snake, but the countryman gayly answered: "No! no! my lady snake! remain where yet thou art!" and he and his cunning deliverer wended their way homeward.

They had not proceeded far when the fox reminded the countryman of his engagement, and the countryman promised that on the very next morning he would have six noble cocks ready for breakfast, to which he invited him, whereupon the fox bade him heartily farewell, and slipped away into a vineyard that was near.

The countryman hurried back to his village as fast as his legs would carry him, but reached it only late in the evening; but before he perceived his cottage he heard in the distance the noisy shoutings of his impatient wife, and he had scarcely crossed the threshold ere she set upon him with all the fury of a wild beast as if she would destroy him. It was in vain he narrated to her the fearful adventures which had delayed his return, it was in vain he lauded the kindness of the benevolent fox which had been his deliverer, she only raved and scolded the more till the stream of her desperation was exhausted, and her poor husband was enabled to insinuate a word.

He told her of the promise he had made to the fox, and said that on its fulfillment her life and his own depended; but she burst out more furiously than ever, and swore that she would rather sacrifice him than surrender a single cock from her poultry-yard; and before the appearance of the morning-star she stood armed with a sharp heavy hatchet behind the wicket-door, and as the unsuspecting guest entered to partake of the proffered hospitality and had just stretched his head over the threshold she struck his neck with a mortal blow.

The countryman hearing the death-cry of the wounded fox hurried out of his chamber hoping to warn and to save him. It was too late. The dying fox was bathed in his own blood, and perished with the exclamation: "The world's reward for well-doing!"

## CORNELIUS KILDERBEE'S JOKE.

Cornelius Kilderbee, in his day wine-merchant of Carlton Cross, and leader of the radicals throughout the Border, has been dead and buried more that a quarter of a century; but his name still lives in the memory of men who knew him while he still remained a political power, and on the lips of many other denizens of the three counties to whom his virtues and eccentricities, his failings and powers, are only matters of tradition. Posthumous fame in the case of an inferior celebrity is so short-lived, that the man who is much spoken of five-and-twenty years after his funeral may be fairly credited with having been a person of no common mark while his sands were still running—at least while his strength was in its prime. A few representative men of the first order excepted, what do we remember of the notabilities of George the Third's time—ay, of the notabilities whose names appear in "memoirs," and whose acts are abundantly chronicled in the literature of their contemporaries? Of the able men who won distinction in the coteries, and who, after years of honorable exertion in letters or science, in arms or art, in Parliament or the courts, died somewhere about the day when Queen Victoria made her first cry, not one in ten is known beyond the domestic circle of his descendants. Some forty years since a publisher, producing a work that he no doubt thought would be a permanent landmark in literary history, put forth a dictionary of contemporary authors, and it may be safely affirmed that an ordinary educated Englishman of this present day, turning over the leaves of that record of writers, who nearly all entertained at some time or other an ambition for enduring popularity, will not come upon fifty names that are familiar or in any degree known to him. In this respect ignominy and honor fare much alike, the minor criminals, like the minor benefactors of our species, being equally forgotten. A generation after your interment, my most illustrious reader, what will your countrymen know about your state-craft and speeches in the senate, about the flatteries that blind you to your own littleness, and the applause that makes you deaf to the solemn monitions of fate? Fortunate—supposing posthumous fame a thing to be desired by wise men—will you be if five-and-twenty years after your heir's accession the scene of your ambitious labors and peculiar triumphs shall resound your name as often as the market-hall of Carlton Cross hears mention made of Cornel Kilderbee.

Proverbs and pithy aphorisms without number are fastened upon his reputation, and few matters pertaining to the social life of the Border more deeply impress the stranger than the frequency with which these sayings are repeated, with keen relish and manifest gusto, by the gentry and yeomen, the traders and workmen of the region. At the market ordinaries of the old borough, farmers and blanket dealers wrangling over unsettled bargains, or clacking current news over rum-punch or red port, may be heard spicing their talk in this fashion:

"Ah! he lost his temper, did he? Then that accounts for it. As Cornel Kilderbee said, 'Catch a wise man in a rage and you've a fool in your power!'"

"A pretty sample of sour beer *he* is. Cornel Kilderbee was not far wrong when he said, 'A dirty fellow's money is the dirtiest stuff about him!'"

"Come, come, don't be hard on an old customer, but remember Cornel Kilderbee's rule, 'A good tradesman buys like a Jew and sells like a gentleman!'"

"'All's fair with a giant, but you can't be too gentle with a dwarf!' as Cornel Kilderbee said to the county member."

"'Hit hard while the fight is on, and when it's over don't bear spite!' that was old Cornel's rule."

"He ought to drink less and work more, and think on Cornel's words, 'The man who's his own enemy is in a fair way to be no one's friend!'"

"Help a neighbor when he's out of luck, and remember old Kilderbee's saying, 'A poor man's blessing travels farther than a rich man's curse!'"

"'A blow should leave a mark!' that was old Cornel's way."

"'A man should know how to swear without losing his temper!' that's what Cornel would say if he was here now."

"You are a smart fellow at a bargain; so was Cornel Kilderbee—but then he would always help a man to get a living."

"Don't be after keeping too many irons in the fire. The only Carlton Cross man who could do four things in really tip-top style was Cornel Kilderbee. He could make money, crack jokes, brew punch, and play the fiddle; but then he had a cork leg."

"So you're like Cornel Kilderbee, and have an ugly tongue with a rough side to it, have you? But his tongue had a smooth side for those who wished him well."

In like manner the stranger, paying his first visit to the Border, does not pass many days in Carlton Cross without coming upon conclusive testimony that this pungent speaker of homely wisdom loved his practical joke.

It may be that having put up at the "Cat and Gridiron," the old head-quarters of the Border radicals, the stranger, on eating his first dinner in the chief parlor of that antique hostelry, will ask the meaning of a remarkable picture that hangs over the fire-place of the aromatic and not luxurious room.

The picture represents two middle-aged men, sitting on slight and unstable chairs, in the middle of a chamber the proportions of which are indicated by lines that declare the artist's manly disregard for the laws of perspective. Each of the middle-aged men deserves attention—the one, an agriculturalist of florid complexion and extensive girth, being chiefly remarkable, so far as costume is concerned, for the magnitude of the watch-chain and seals that dangle from his fob; the other, dressed in a high-collared, brass-buttoned, swallow-tail blue coat, tights, and buckled shoes, being noticeable for the depth and amplitude of his white neck-tie, the uncompromising size of his pigtail, and the expression of gleeful smartness that pervades his sharp, thin features. But the most remarkable point in this picture is that—while the blue-coated gentleman has his right foot in a keeler of boiling water, the ebullient condition of the fluid being indicated by a puff of vapor upon the canvas, and seems greatly to enjoy the heat—the agriculturalist sits upon his high chair, doubled up with agony caused by a vain endeavor to imitate his friend and keep a bootless foot in the steaming tub. The reader's imagination must furnish the details of the picture.

The "Cat and Gridiron" has a landlord of jolly aspect and rubicund visage—about the last host of the ruddy, jovial, over-eaten, old-fashioned type of inn-keepers who have become merely traditional characters in the England of these abstemious times; and if any stranger should ask the "Cat and Gridiron's" host for the particulars of the incident commemorated in this work of art, that fat and laughter-loving entertainer of men with purses in their pockets will do his best to satisfy a not unreasonable curiosity, and with many chuckles and boisterous guffaws, as though he had never told the story before—indeed, as though he were not telling the story himself, but were hearing it for the first time from the lips of another man—will answer in this wise:

"That gentleman, Sir, with the big watch-seals and rather more stomach than he knows how to carry, is Mr. Pratt, of Homerton Grange; leastwise, it was him, only as he's been dead these thirty year—died of a 'plexy—'t carn't exactly be said to be him now. But he was a great man in his day, and did a sort in pigs—yes, he did, Sir. His was all to nothing the best breed in these parts; and it is so still, although there's a fashion come up for shorter snouts. Well, Sir, t'other genelman was a rare man, Mr. Cornel Kilderbee: that's how he was always dressed—Lor' bless you, I remember him well enough. Blue coat, brass buttons, pigtail, gaiters in winter, stockings in summer, black tights the whole year round. There's a sort would think the like of him a Guy nowadays, but he was a proper genelman, he was, none more so. And, Lor', what a man he was for doing things; he did every thing! he used to sing songs, play the fiddle, make speeches, and keep things lively. Well, Sir, Mr. Pratt, of Homerton Grange, was a great man for pigs, but not much else in the way of intellect: now Mr. Kilderbee was at the top of the wine trade in these parts, and knew the length of every man he clapt eyes upon. Mr. Kilderbee was always going up to town on business, about wine and what not; and one day he returned to Carlton Cross after he'd been away for a many weeks. Mind, Sir, I'm speaking now of what I can't remember, for I wasn't born when Mr. Kilderbee returned after a many weeks. I tell it to you as I have heard it from my father, who was landlord of the 'Cat and Gridiron' before ever I was born. At the first market-supper after his return Mr. Kilderbee got a-talking with Mr. Pratt, of Homerton. Mr. Pratt was given to carry things rather high, on account of his pigs; and Mr. Kilderbee owed him a turn for something he'd said at Market Cross. So the long and short of it was, having got to high words in the presence of a full company, Mr. Pratt offered to fight Mr. Kilderbee; at which Mr. Kilderbee says, 'No, Pratt,' says he, 'I won't fight, for it's against my principles to fight; but, to show you I'm not afraid to bear pain, and *can* bear pain better than you, I'll tell what I'll do. We'll have a tub of biling water brought in this room, and each of us shall put his right foot in it, sitting together side by side; and I'll bet you twenty guineas that, for all your brag about your courage, you'll take your foot out of the water before I do.' Now Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, was a good one for a bet, and, what's more, his blood was up. So he says 'done,' and Mr. Kilderbee says 'done;' and they jine hands. In another five minutes the tub of biling water is put down in the middle of the market-room, which was extra crowded by people who had heard what was up, and of course wished to see the end of the wager. The feeling ran against Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, for he was apt to be rather high and mighty about his pigs. 'There goes my shoe,' says Mr. Kilderbee, putting it off; 'and now, Pratt, you put off that top-boot of yours, and then we'll try how hot it is through our stockings.' Mr. Kilderbee was in first by a several seconds, and took all quiet, though sure-lie he nipped his lips together a bit. As soon as Mr. Pratt had got his foot out of his top-boot he dipped it into the water—but he didn't keep it there for long. He howled, and yelled, and halloed, and screeched out for help. 'Call a doctor!' he screeched. And all the while there sat Mr. Kilderbee, all calm and quiet, and enjoying himself. 'Landlord,' says he to my father, with a smile, 'get some more boiling water. What's in this tub seems rather chilly.' 'Cornel Kilderbee,' roars Mr. Pratt, wholly scared out of his senses and yet purple with rage, 'you're bewitched!—you're an imp of hell!—it's done by neckoromancy!—you're in league with the devil!' 'No, Pratt, no; not quite so bad as that,' says Mr. Kilderbee, softly and mocking-like, still keeping his foot in the water—'I am not in league with the devil, *but I've got a cork leg!*' By gorms, Sir, how all the market-room busted and roared with laughter, and how Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, swore and *rove*, just for all the world like a Bedlamite in a coal-cellar. And, the more he swore and *rove*, the more the whole market-room busted and roared. And, Sir, what Mr. Kilderbee said was just the truth. I told you as how he had been a goodish spell of time in London just before this wager came off. Now, while he was in London he had met with an accident in being knocked down by a cart which broke his leg; and after that the surgeons had cut off his leg below the knee, they fixed him up with a cork leg and foot, made so wonderfully neat, that, when he wore his stockings and buckled shoes, no one could see any difference atwixt the natteral and the compo limb. You see, he hadn't wrote home any thing about his mishap, and so there wasn't a blessed soul in the market-room that could make out how it was that he bore the hot water without even a-flinching. But you may believe me, Sir, the market-room busted and roared; and Mr. Pratt, of Homerton, didn't show again in the market-room until he had been set up once more by his pigs getting a sort more prizes."

## SOCIABLE SILENCE.

There is a silence which is felt to be sociable, when the silent associates are tried and trusty friends. Wherever, in fact, there is implicit confidence, and an underlying sense of general sympathy, it is often a relief to be able to hold one's peace without any risk of misapprehension. Whereas, with a comparative stranger, one puts on company manners, and has to keep up the shuttle-cock of colloquial inanity with all one's battle-door might. Every body who has friends must have felt this; and though—nay, because the feeling is a common one, it may be interesting to show by examples how it has been expressed in literature.

Old friends, remarks Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, are the great blessing of one's later years—half a word conveys one's meaning. He makes this remark in reference to the loss of his intimate friend Mr. Chute, whom he used to see oftener than any one, and to whom he had recourse in every difficulty. "And him I loved to have here, as our friendship was so entire, and we knew one another so entirely, that he alone was never the least constraint to me. We passed many hours together without saying a syllable to each other; for we were both above ceremony."

For those who have managed that things shall run smoothly over the domestic rug, says the author of "Orley Farm," there is no happier time of life than the long candle-light hours of home and silence. "No spoken content or uttered satisfaction is necessary. The fact that is felt is enough for peace."

One thinks of Dr. Johnson in his last illness, visited by Malone, and proving so unusually silent that the visitor rose to leave, believing him to be in pain, or incommoded by company. "Pray, Sir, be seated," Johnson said. "I can not talk, but I like to see you there." Indeed, great talker in every sense as the doctor had been in his prime, he was never insensible to the value of sympathetic silence. During his tour to the Hebrides, his companion, Boswell, took the liberty one evening of remarking to Johnson that he very often sat quite silent for a long time, even when in company with a single friend. "It is true, Sir," replied Johnson. "Tom Tyers described me the best. He once said to me, 'Sir, you are like a ghost; you never speak till you are spoken to.'"

Elia accounts that to be but an imperfect solitude which a man enjoys by himself, and applauds the sense of the first hermits when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, "to enjoy one another's want of conversation. The Carthusian is bound to his brethren by this agreeing spirit of incommunicativeness." In secular occasions, Elia adds, what so pleasant as to be reading a book through a long winter evening, with a friend sitting by—say a wife—he, or she, too (if that be probable), reading another, without interruption, or oral communication. "Can there be no sympathy without the gabble of words?......Give me, Master Zimmermann, a sympathetic solitude."

One of the most popular of French authors comments, in his autobiography, on the analogy he professes to have observed between the two races of sailors and forest-rangers, and tells, for instance, how the mariner or the woodman will remain by the side of his best friend, in the one case on the ocean, in the other deep in the forest, without exchanging a single word. But as the two entertain the same train of ideas—as their silence has been no more than a long tacit communion with nature, "You will be astonished to find that, at the proper moment, they have but to exchange a word, a gesture, or a glance, and they will have communicated more to each other by this word, this gesture, or glance of the eye, than others could have done in a long discourse."

Mr. Shirley Brooks, in his last and best novel, says: "It is a happy time when a man and a woman can be long silent together, and love one another the better that neither speaks of love. A few years later, and silence is perhaps thought to mean either sorrow or sulks."

The young lover in Mr. Disraeli's "Love Story," expressly so called, apologizes to Henrietta Temple for a long term of significant silence with the candid avowal that he's afraid he's very stupid. "Because you are silent?" she asks. "Is not that a sufficient reason?" he submits. "Nay, I think not," replies Miss Temple; "I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I can not bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion. The whole day passes sometimes without papa and myself exchanging fifty words; yet I am very happy; I do not feel that we are dull."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man passing through a gateway in the dark hit his nose against the post. "I wish that post was in h—l," said he. "Better wish it somewhere else," said a by-stander; "you might run against it again."

A minister of Indianapolis proposes that hereafter, instead of saying, "Let us sing the Doxology," the minister say, "Let us put on our over-coats, adjust furs, slip on gloves, grab our hats, look to the Lord, and be dismissed."

### I'D BE A FARMER'S WIFE.

I am a wild and laughing girl, just turned of sweet seventeen,
As full of mischief and of fun as ever you have seen,
And when I am a woman grown, no city beau for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love a country life; I love the joyous breeze;
I love to hear the singing birds among the lofty trees;
The lowing herds, the bleating flocks, make music sweet for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

I love to see the chickens skip, I love to milk the cows,
I love to see the farmer's boys a-whistling at the plows;
And fields of corn and waving grain are pleasant sights to me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

Let other girls, who love it best, enjoy the gloomy town,
'Mid dusky walls and dusky streets to ramble up and down;
But flowery banks, and shady woods, and sunny skies for me;
If ever I marry in my life, a farmer's wife I'll be.

A Connecticut farmer's wife, who was noted for a keen eye to the financial, on being told by her husband, as he came home from church meeting, that he had been elected deacon, eagerly inquired: "But how much money will you get by it?"

Customer. "A slight mourning hat-band, if you please?"
Fashionable Hatter. "What relation, Sir?"
Customer. "Wife's uncle."
Hatter. "Favorite uncle, Sir?"
Customer. "Um—well—yes."
Hatter. "Mentioned in the will, Sir?"
Customer (*bitterly*). "No such luck."
Hatter (*to his clerk, briskly*). "Couple o' inches, Tim."

The following can be read so as to make sense, but it takes a cute individual to find out how. Just try it:

I thee read see that me,
Love is up will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and down and you if.

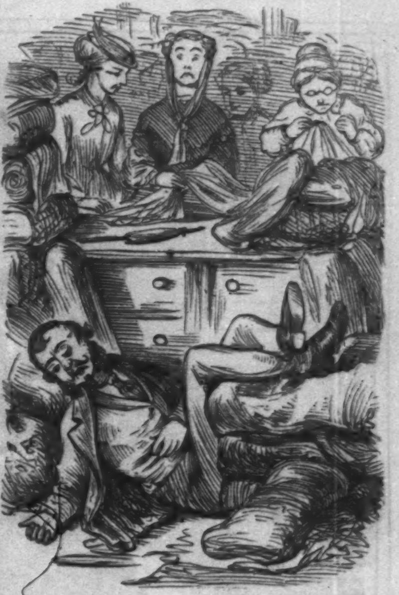
A letter was recently received at the Boston Post-office, the address upon which gave considerable trouble to the clerks. Finally it was deciphered as "Jeamkey Blaine" (Jamaica Plain), and it was forwarded to that place.

"I stand," said a Western stump orator, "on the broad platform of the principles of '98, and palsied be my arm if I desert 'em." "You stand on nothing of the kind," interrupted a little shoemaker in the crowd; "you stand in my boots, that you never paid me for, and I want the money."

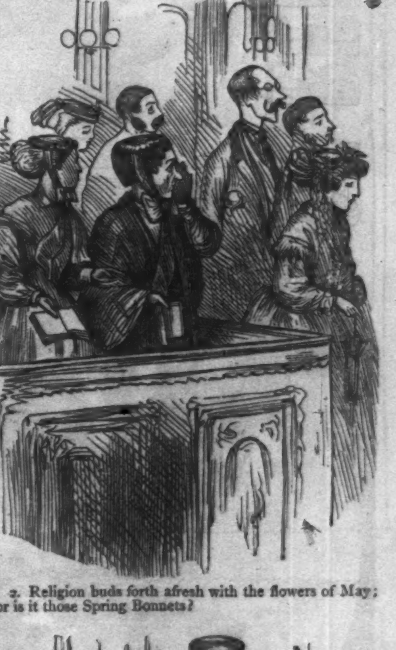
The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: "Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog—he no workee: he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he please—he liff like a gentleman."

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children!"

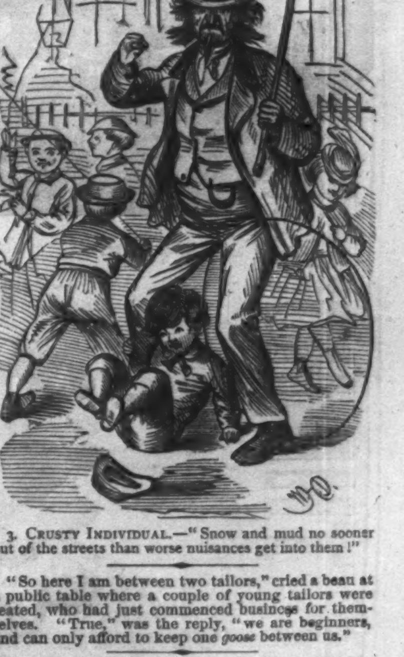
### SPRING-TIME.



1. Shopping brisk. Utter prostration of the Dry-goods Clerk.



2. Religion buds forth afresh with the flowers of May; or is it those Spring Bonnets?



3. Crusty Individual.—"Snow and mud no sooner out of the streets than worse nuisances get into them!"

"So here I am between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just commenced business for themselves. "True," was the reply, "we are beginners, and can only afford to keep one *goose* between us."

A story is told of a jolly good fellow who resided in Chicago about four years, and while on an Eastern visit was asked how he liked the water out West. "By George, Mr. ——," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it!"

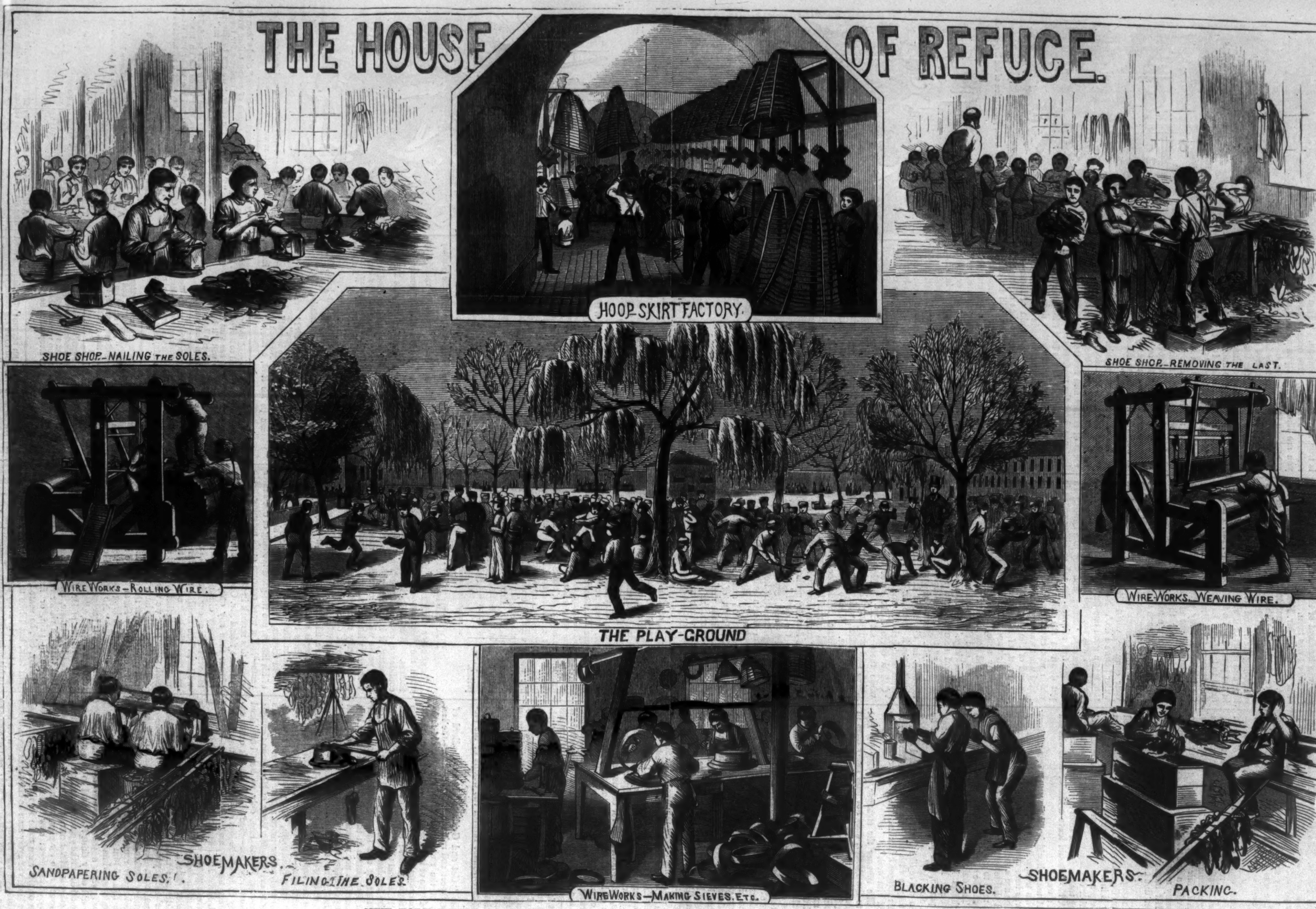
"I wish, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you were *locked* in my arms and the key was lost."

A woman who inquired at a Broadway book-store for "Crabbe's Synonyms," was told by the new clerk that they didn't keep shell-fish.

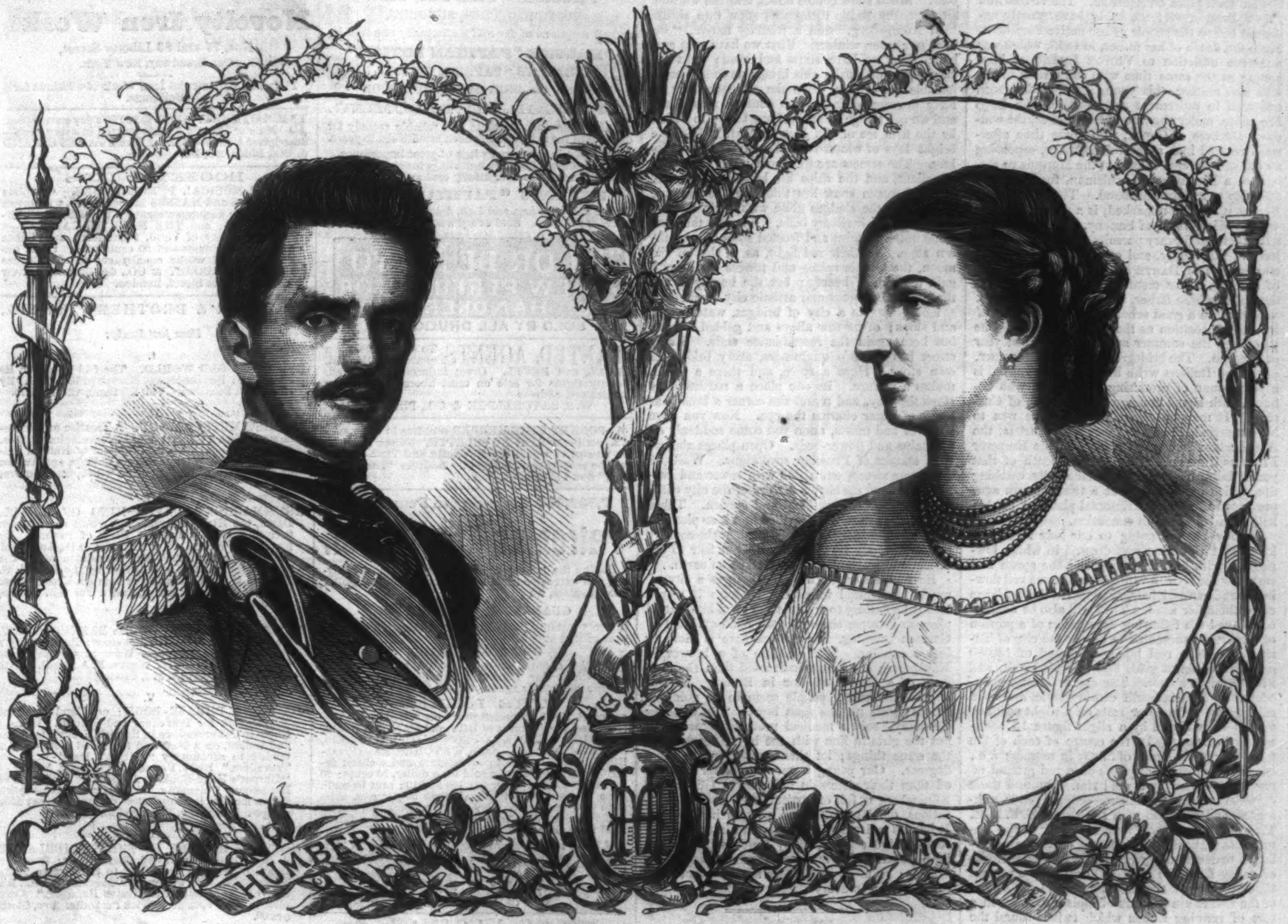
This epitaph is said to be taken from a stone in an old Connecticut grave-yard:

"Here we be
He and me
Twenty he
Forty she."

A little girl, just past her fifth year, while chattering about the beaux that visited two of the other sex in the same house of more mature age, being asked, "What do you mean by beaux, Annie?" replied "Why, I mean men that have not got much sense."


THE HOUSE OF REFUCE.
SHOE SHOP—NAILING THE SOLES.
HOOP-SKIRT FACTORY.
SHOE SHOP.—REMOVING THE LAST.
WIRE WORKS—ROLLING WIRE.
THE PLAY-GROUND
WIRE-WORKS.—WEAVING WIRE.
SHOEMAKERS.
SANDPAPERING SOLES.
FILING THE SOLES.
WIRE WORKS—MAKING SIEVES. ETC.
BLACKING SHOES.
SHOEMAKERS.
PACKING.

NEW YORK HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.—Sketched by W. H. Davenport.—[See Page 333.]



THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY AND HIS BRIDE.

## HOUSE OF REFUGE ON RANDALL'S ISLAND.

WE have before given in this journal articles and engravings illustrating the several organized charities of this city which have for their purpose the assistance of children. One of the principal and most beneficial of these has for its aim also the reformation of children who have by circumstances, more than inclination, been led into a career of crime. The House of Refuge on Randall's Island, which we illustrate opposite, is sustained by the city, and its occupants are the boys and girls who are arrested as criminals, and sent here instead of to the Penitentiary, at the discretion of the judge, who may take their youth and other extenuating circumstances into consideration.

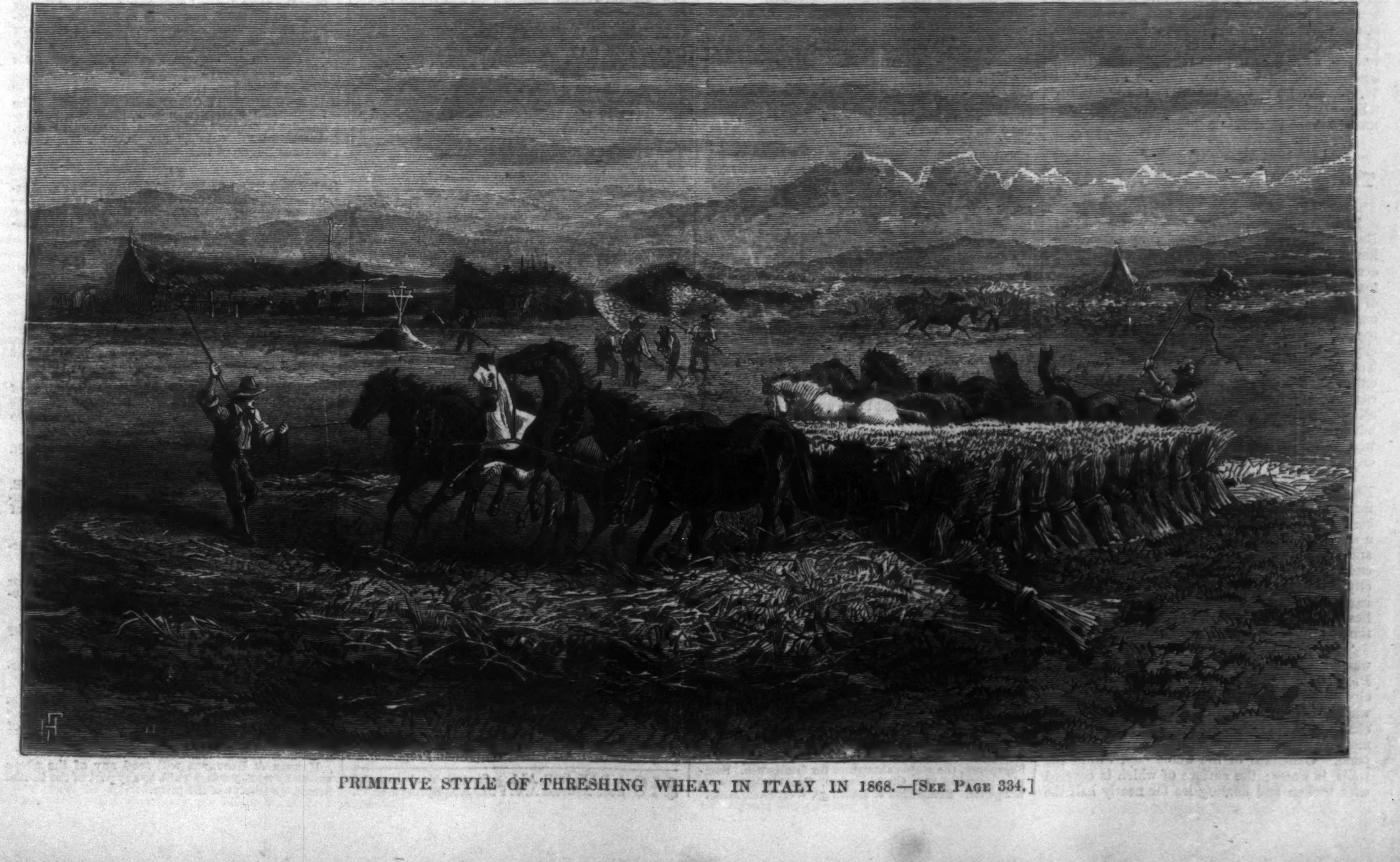
Once in the House of Refuge they are put to work for the term of their sentence. The shoe shops employ the majority of the boys, and our engraving illustrates a number of them at work. The smaller boys work in the hoop-skirt factory under female supervision, and in the wire shops, where they grow skillful in weaving sieves, traps, strainers, etc., etc.

There are now about one thousand children in the House, and the numbers are on the increase. The Report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections shows that, during the year 1866, 12,890 prisoners were sent to the Island, and most of these to the House of Refuge, but for short terms only.

The contracted space is to be enlarged, and it is proposed that a school-ship should be established, in which the boys might be trained for the merchant navy.

## THE ROYAL MARRIAGE IN ITALY.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince HUMBERT of Italy, eldest son of King VICTOR EMANUEL, to his first cousin, Princess MARGARET of Savoy, daughter of the King's brother, the late Duke of



PRIMITIVE STYLE OF THRESHING WHEAT IN ITALY IN 1868.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

Genoa, took place on April 22. The virtues and accomplishments of the bride have greatly endeared her to the people of her native Piedmont. Since the death of her father, in 1855, which was a severe affliction to VICTOR EMANUEL, happening at the same time with the deaths of his wife and mother, this young Princess has been educated in retirement at Stresa, on the Lago Maggiore, under the care of her mother, the widowed Duchess of Genoa, who some time afterward entered into a second marriage, espousing no one of sovereign rank, but the Marquis DI RAPALLO, a Piedmontese nobleman, formerly aid-de-camp to her first husband. The Duchess of Genoa, it may be remarked, is a daughter of the present King JOHN of Saxony. A taste for intellectual and literary pursuits seems to be hereditary in this family, and one of the best German translations of DANTE is the work of the King of Saxony. The mental culture of his granddaughter, whose father, the late Duke of Genoa, was likewise a good scholar, has been worthy of her future position as the Queen of Italy. She passed all the summer and autumn of last year at Dresden. The bridegroom, Prince HUMBERT, or, as the Italians write his name, OMBERTO, is a young man of promising disposition, who behaved with signal courage in the battle of Custoza. It may be remembered that he was to have married, since the peace with Austria, the Archduchess MATILDA, a niece of the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH. The dreadful death of that young lady, by her dress accidentally catching fire, which happened about a twelvemonth ago, prevented the first matrimonial plans on his behalf from being put in execution.

It may be interesting to our lady readers to know that the bride was dressed in white, low-necked, with bertha crossed and the apron and sash now the style, a white silver-starred veil flowing round her dark hair, arranged in tight *chignon* curls about her head. They will also be delighted to read the following description of a portion of a toilet-set presented to her by the city of Turin: "It is a real bijou, composed of 14,000 drachms of finest gold, 880 of lapis lazuli, and 2768 precious stones. The casket is square, executed in the sixteenth century style, and is in solid gold. The cover rests on a slight cornice, and is surmounted by a slight figure 15 centimetres in height. In the centre of each of the four sides is the Cross of Savoy in mosaic; *i. e.*, the cross is formed of pearls on a red ground of rubies, encircled by a gold rim. Around these crests are various ornaments—eagles' heads, oak-leaves, and a ribbon with the letters E. F. E. R. T., to indicate the old knightly order of the Annunziata; above these helmets, crowns, and garlands, to denote the gradual progress of the House of Savoy from the year 1000 up to the present time. Between the medallions and the angles of the casket are 24 stars of lapis lazuli, set in a sort of running ribbon which twines round the casket, and in the midst of exquisite mosaic is studded with 352 pearls and 4 large emeralds; on the rounded corners are rosettes of gems, pearls, and diamonds, and 4 Oriental sapphires."

## THRESHING WHEAT IN ITALY.

IT is almost incredible that the engraving on page 333, showing the mode of threshing wheat as practiced in Italy, is taken from a photograph of an actual scene in the year of grace 1868. Nevertheless such is the case, and at this date the wheat of all Italy is threshed in the primitive manner there indicated. Nothing we could say in words would so graphically describe the benighted condition of Italy, and, indeed, that of a great number of the European States under Catholic rule. The lack of enterprise and invention, as well as the lax morality and general ignorance of all Catholic countries of the Old World, can be readily traced to the prevailing religion and the blighting influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

## THE MOST INTELLECTUAL CITY OF EUROPE.

KÖNIGSBERG—the Amber City—capital of Eastern Prussia—the city of contradictions—home of the Teutonic Knights and of the modern democrats—city of Father Fritz and of Immanuel Kant—cradle of religious enterprise and of philosophical utilitarianism—scene of the coronation and of the Four Questions—fortress of the old Prussia and of the new Germany—is a city of peculiar situation and peculiar genius. The first fact about it to strike a stranger is its extraordinary isolation. An old saying puts the case that the Amber City should be to its people all in all, since it lies, not only out of Germany, but out of the world. "A good place for wolves," was Father Fritz's verdict on the royal and sacred city in which he had come to be crowned.

Königsberg has been called the Venice of the North—a name not only wide of the mark, but far wider from the mark than is usual in such comparisons. It is, in fact, absurd. Venice is a city of gold and marble, of domes, and palaces, and campaniles; a city which is warm in tone, and high in color; a city washed by the sea; a city glowing in a southern sun by day, and gleaming under southern stars by night. Königsberg lies in a realm of mist, through which, for half the year at least, neither sun nor star can pierce.

"Eight months of mud, four months of moths," was a neat description given of the climate of Ost Preussen by one who knew it only too well. The city stands on the banks of a stream—the Pregel—which soaks and slips into the place by two main channels, winding and widening into breadths and marshes of frozen sea. When it is not river it is pond. One-sixth of the whole city, within the walls, is water; the surface of which is covered with broken and floating ice for nearly half the year. Much snow comes down, and the warmer air from the Baltic melts this snow into slush. "In Königsberg," said a friendly native, "we have our seven winters. First we have rain and hail; then we have snow and mud; next we have sleet and slush; this brings us to our comfortable mid-winter, when the mercury sinks to forty degrees of frost; the country gets open, and we can sledge from the Lang Gasse to Pillau by the firm ice of the Frische Haf." In these bright days of winter-frost the city is seen at its best. The streets are free from mud, the quays are silent, and the ships are locked in ice. A layer of frozen snow lies thick on the ground, over which the sledges glide with their muffled drivers and their silvery bells. At night the stars come out—the faint and frosted stars of a northern zone. In their red light, as in that of the moon, the Gothic spires and towers of the city gain a touch of beauty; but the beauty is not that of the luminous and artistic city on the sea.

Königsberg is a city of bridges, water-ways, and ships; of narrow alleys and gabled fronts; but here again the resemblance ends. Every street has its own quaintness, every bridge its own story. Here a spire, and there a gable, makes a picture. In one place a narrow alley stops the way, and round the corner a broad expanse of water charms the eye. Now you have wharves and masts, anon you come suddenly on fountains and flower-beds. Open places abound with statues of Prussian sovereigns. Walls of enormous sweep, embattled with tower and bastion, surround the city. A third of the city within these walls is grass-field and garden. Those who are native to the province find it so pleasant and picturesque (as compared against the country round it surely *is*) that they do not fear to describe it to a stranger as a paradise on earth.

Beyond all question Königsberg is a city of much intellectual warmth. Perhaps it would hardly be flattery to say it is the most intellectual place in Europe, since it is the head-quarters of German learning. Every one here is more or less a scholar. The children of a brewer in Königsberg are better instructed than the children of a state councilor in Berlin. In this city all the young people seem to be going to school; girls no less than boys. "In our new Germany," said a medical professor, "we shall put the girls in line with the boys; teach them the same things; let them work for the same degrees. Our young women are better grounded than their sisters in any part of Germany." Königsberg is full of institutions; learned institutions, official institutions, popular institutions. It has its university, three gymnasia (colleges); several high schools, many lower schools, both for boys and girls; and a great number of private schools; so many that there seem to be two or three schools in every street.

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**S. T.—1860.—X.**

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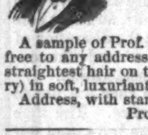

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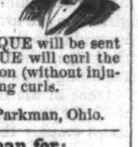

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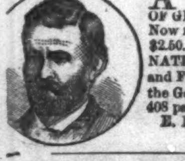

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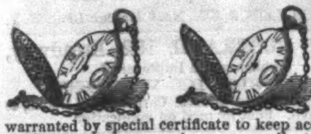

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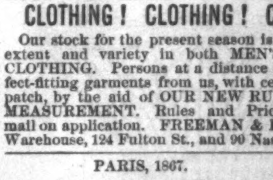

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Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

## Great American Tea Company,

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FOR GENTLEMEN.
ROMAN SCARFS AND TIES,
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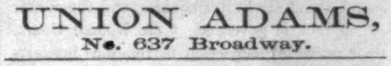

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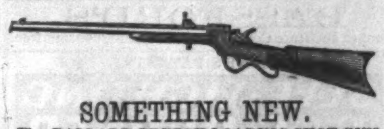

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The White Pine Compound cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

The White Pine Compound is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces. Prepared at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANICAL DEPOT, Boston, Mass. JOHN W. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio; O. BURNHAM and VAN SCHAACK, Ill.—General Agents for the West.

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